

THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JANUARY, 1861.

HARRIET E. HOSMER.
A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

BY L. MARIA CHILD.

I WAS next-door neighbor to Dr. Hosmer, when he first established himself as a physician, in Watertown, and the acquaintance then formed has since continued. As I make this sketch with his knowledge and sanction, its correctness may be relied upon, so far as facts are concerned.

HARRIET E. HOSMER was born in Watertown, Massachusetts, October 9, 1831. From both father and mother she inherited perseverance and strong will. As soon as she was able to run about her fearless independence and pertinacity of purpose were observable. When she first began to go in the street she was usually accompanied by an exceedingly small black dog, which she covered all over with little bells. Even then she attracted notice by her erect figure, straight-forward walk, and earnest attention to whatever was going on. She received many a smiling salutation as she passed; and to questions asked about herself or dog, she always had a frank and ready answer.

When she was four years old her mother died of consumption, and eight years later her only sister fell a victim to the same fatal disease. This great sorrow of her childhood had a very important and uncalculated influence on her future character and prospects. Her father, in the course of his extensive medical practice, had seen multiplied and most lamentable instances of children, especially girls, enfeebled by in-door occupations and excessive study. He was accustomed to say, "There is a whole lifetime for the education of the mind, but the body develops in a few years; and, during that time, nothing should be allowed to interfere with its free and healthy growth." To this rational conviction,

resulting from medical experience, was added an anxious precaution, produced by the early death of his wife and eldest daughter. Harriet was now his only child; and it became almost his sole object to make her body strong enough for the mind to work freely in. He bought her a horse, a boat, bow and arrows, and skates, and told her to live "all out-doors," a prescription extremely pleasant to her free and fearless nature. So, with none to molest her or make her afraid, the happy child galloped over hill and dale, rowed her boat amid whirling currents, swam in deep waters, and skated for hours together, in the keen, wintery air.

At school she was an intractable pupil, and made small progress of the kind by which good marks and medals are won; nevertheless, her mental powers were being developed in a healthy way, by processes of her own. Machinery of any kind always excited her curiosity, and drew from her many questions; and the knowledge of mechanical laws, thus obtained, were soon manifested in various little contrivances for her own use or amusement, while the clay-pit, near the house, furnished her with material for modeling images of horses, dogs, and other creatures.

But while her mind was expanding by these unfettered exercises of thought, and her muscular system was acquiring strength and elasticity, by pursuits usually considered appropriate for boys only, some slight disadvantages resulted from the novel system. She was as wild as a colt on the prairies, and as tricksy as Puck. In character and manners she was, in fact, just like a brave, roguish boy. In a boy her fearlessness and fun would have been admired, and quoted as proofs of intelligence and spirit. But girls are to be

"Ground down enough
To flatten and bake into a wholesome crust,
For household uses and proprieties."

But all the while the angels saw in her only a soul that was growing in a natural, healthy way, like the free development of flower or tree.

It can not be denied that, at this period of her life, she was active and frolicsome to a degree quite inconvenient to others. But those who knew her well loved her dearly, and strove to soften harsh criticisms by saying, "There is never any immodesty in her fearlessness nor any malice in her fun." Her father waited for the sobering effects of time with such patience as he could. Meanwhile, he gave frequent exhortations to amendment, but at last one of her freaks gave so much offense, that it became necessary to put a check upon her thoughtlessness. Dr. Morse, of Watertown, had lived to an extreme old age, and people often asked, "Is Dr. Morse living yet?" I do not know in what droll aspect this circumstance presented itself to her merry young soul. Perhaps she was curious to hear what people would say when the old patriarch departed. Whatever might be the motive, she wrote a notice of his sudden death, and sent it privately to a Boston newspaper. Relatives and friends of the supposed deceased hastened to Watertown to attend the funeral, and were, of course, much annoyed by the hoax. Notwithstanding her precautions, the mischief was traced to her, and her father, mortified and perplexed, resolved to place her somewhere to be brought under control. Mrs. Sedgwick's school, at Lenox, was recommended to him, and he immediately applied for his daughter's admission. He frankly stated, at the outset, that teachers had hitherto found her difficult to manage. Mrs. Sedgwick made minute inquiries to ascertain her peculiarities and the leading qualities of her head and heart. Having learned them all she smiled, and said, "I have the reputation of knowing how to train wild colts, and I will try this one." Harriet was accordingly sent to Lenox, at the commencement of 1847.

But there was no diminution of her love of out-door exercises. In consigning her to the care of Mrs. Sedgwick, Dr. Hosmer had expressly enjoined attention to physical education as of paramount importance. Indeed, the reputation of the school in that respect had been one of his greatest inducements to place her there. The girls were generally here trained to athletic exercises; but for riding, leaping, shooting, skating, climbing trees, and other similar performances, Harriet was the wonder of them all. There is no end to the anecdotes her schoolmates tell, to illustrate her agility and strength.

Catherine Sedgwick, the distinguished writer and excellent woman, was an inmate of her

brother's household, and took great interest in the pupils. Mrs. Fanny Kemble spent the summers at Lenox, and being an intimate friend of the Sedgwicks, Harriet had frequent opportunities to hear her reading and conversation.

For three years, at the most impressive period of her life, she lived amid the magnificent scenery of Berkshire, riding and roaming through all places, accessible and inaccessible, gazing with a poet's eye on the evening star, glimmering on the dark forehead of the ancient hills; on the rising and setting of the glorious sun; on the grand old trees veiled in solemn moonlight; familiar with the haunts of all the little woodland creatures; like a true artist, observant of all the forms of things, except conventional forms; cementing friendships with charming young girls; and in constant intercourse with intellects of a high order. It is not without reason that her father attributes her subsequent success largely to those Berkshire influences, so healthy to mind and body, or rather to body and mind, as he would say, according to the tendency of physicians.

When she returned home in the autumn of 1849, a marked improvement was observed by all who had previously known her; but the naturalness of her character was in no way injured by the process. If she had lost the charming raciness of her individuality, improvement would have been bought at too high a price. There is much wisdom in the saying of an old woman from the country. Visiting the city in her old age, she came in contact with people who were discussing various theories of education. She listened attentively, and, when her opinion was asked, replied, "Well, I never heerd so much talk about education afore; but I reckon about the best thing to do is jest to catch Natur, wash her face, comb her hair, and let her run." In Miss Hosmer's case, where nature was originally strong and noble, honest and kindly, this process has assuredly worked well.

With regard to the physical education, which her father had so much at heart, he had abundant reason to be satisfied when she returned to him. As a pedestrian, she could outwalk an Englishman, or even an Indian trumper. With gun, or pistol, her aim was as sure as a rifleman's. On horseback, she often amused herself with riding at full speed, lying backward, or forward, or standing upright in the stirrup. It was a great pleasure to her father to go out in the boat with her, and see how skillfully she managed it among contending currents. When they came to deep water, she would assume her bathing dress and plunge into the stream; sometimes swimming so far under water that noth-

ing was visible but the rippling wake she left behind her; sometimes revolving in all manner of evolutions, with the suppleness and agility of a water-nymph, or a South-Sea Islander.

But mere amusement of any kind could not long satisfy her—she had come into the world to *do* something. This she had shown in her walk and her ways, even at four years old, when she and her little tinkling dog attracted attention in the street; and it had subsequently manifested itself in multiplied forms of ingenuity and labor. Now she must begin to *work*, and, following what she felt to be her vocation, she entered the studio of Mr. Stephenson, of Boston, to take lessons in modeling. A very pretty bust of a child was the first thing she completed under his direction, and a spirited little head of Byron, done in wax, was, I believe, made at nearly the same period.

Aware of the great importance of accurate anatomical knowledge, for the purposes of sculpture, she had learned all that she could from her father, and from books. But in order to perfect her education in that branch of the art, she desired to see the muscular system analyzed in the dissection-room. It had once been proposed to the Boston Medical College to admit a woman to its course of lectures, and the request had not been granted. The free young west was less scrupulous about infringing upon old customs. At Lenox she had formed an intimate friendship with the daughter of Mr. Wayman Crow, a wealthy and liberal citizen of St. Louis. She had been urgently invited to spend some months with her friend, and it occurred to her that she might combine with the visit facilities for anatomical investigation, not likely to be obtained in the neighborhood. She accordingly went to St. Louis, in the autumn of 1850, and remained eight or nine months in Mr. Crow's family, with all of whom she became a great favorite. The medical school in that city furnished her the opportunity she desired of witnessing a dissection of the human frame. She thus received very efficient aid from the anatomical lectures and oral instructions of Professor M'Dowell, with whom both Clevenger and Powers had studied the science of anatomy. There were, of course, some who considered this a very eccentric proceeding for a young lady; but these things are matters of custom, and, in a progressive state of society, customs are always changing. Asiatics think it shamefully immodest, and even dangerous, for a woman to appear abroad with her face uncovered; but intercourse with Europeans gradually teaches them that women may be allowed to breathe God's free air, without committing or causing

crime. Europeans have further steps to take in social progress. They must learn that no harm comes of allowing the *souls* of women to breathe free air. I feel personal gratitude to Florence Nightingale, Harriet Martineau, Ross Bonheur, Harriet Hosmer, and all other women, who, by following noble impulses, unrestrained by mere conventional rules, prove woman's *right* to do whatever she can do *well*.

It is honorable to the medical students in St. Louis, that they made no attempt to throw obstacles in the way of the young lady's pursuit of knowledge. I do not think this resulted from fear of the pistol she was known to carry; though certainly it would not have redounded to their credit to be shot by a young girl, even in that dueling region. The fact is, a frank, modest, direct soul, unconscious of any thing vile, is clad in an armor by its complete absorption in lofty aims; while the prudish observer of conventionalities lays herself open to attack, by the very fact that her mind is obviously occupied with the dangers she has been instructed to avoid.

At the west, as elsewhere, Miss Hosmer excited remark by her disregard of customs, in her earnest pursuit of whatever object she had in view. But there, as elsewhere, those who knew how to discriminate characters, readily perceived that she never did any thing for the sake of notoriety, and that her boldness was unstained by any tinge of immodesty. Not expecting to visit the west again, she availed herself of every opportunity to see the country. She went up and down the Mississippi, visiting New Orleans, the Falls of St. Anthony, and other places, attended or unattended by friends as happened to be convenient. She had a very interesting interview with the Dacotah Indians, and smoked the pipe of peace with their chief. At Dubuque she came near losing her life by an accident, while descending into the lead-mines in a bucket. At the Falls of St. Anthony, her attention was attracted by a high, steep bluff. It was considered inaccessible, and therefore she wished to climb it. "If you will," said the captain of the boat, "I will engage it shall be named for you." He laughed as he spoke, not dreaming she would attempt it. But, to the astonishment of all who saw her, she went up the bluff, with the fearless agility of a chamois-hunter on the Alps, and waved her handkerchief from the summit.

From that happy winter and those exciting adventures she returned home to plunge into her favorite pursuit with redoubled ardor. Her indulgent father fitted up a neat little studio in his garden, which she, in her facetious way, was accustomed to call her "shop." There her me-

chanical ingenuity and handicraft manifested themselves in various contrivances, and in this new studio Harriet began to work in marble. Her first attempt was a reduced copy of Canova's bust of Napoleon, which she presented to her father. It is an excellent likeness, and the workmanship is extremely well done.

Not long afterward she began to embody an ideal of her own, called Hesper. In this case, as with the bust of Napoleon, she did every stroke of the work with her own small hands, except knocking off the corners of the block of marble. She employed a man to do that; but, as he was unused to work for sculptors, she did not venture to have him approach within several inches of the surface she intended to cut. Slight girl as she was, she wielded, for eight or ten hours a day, a leaden mallet, weighing four pounds and a half. Had it not been for the strength and flexibility of muscle, acquired by rowing and other athletic exercises, such arduous labor would have been impossible.

In the summer of 1852 Dr. Hosmer invited me to Watertown, to see the bust of Hesper, then recently finished. I shall never forget that visit to the little studio in the garden. I was completely taken by surprise. I expected to see skillful workmanship, but I was not prepared for such a poetic conception. While the impression it made upon me was still fresh, I conveyed it to the New York Tribune, in an anonymous letter, entitled "A New Star in the Arts," from which I make the following extracts: "This beautiful production of Miss Hosmer's hand and soul has the face of a lovely maiden gently falling asleep to the sound of distant music. Her hair is gracefully arranged and intertwined with capsules of the poppy. A polished star gleams on her forehead, and under her breast lies the crescent moon. The hush of evening breathes from the serene countenance and the heavily-drooping eyelids. I felt tranquilized while looking at it, as I do when the rosy clouds are fading into gray twilight, and the pale moon-sickle descends slowly behind the dim woods. The mechanical execution of this bust seemed to me worthy of its lovely and life-like expression. The swell of cheek and breast is like pure, young, healthy flesh; and the muscles of the beautiful mouth are so delicately cut, that it seems like a thing that breathes." Miss Hosmer presented this second production of her chisel to her friend, Miss Coolidge, of Boston.

Not far from this period she cut in marble, from a bust by Clevenger, a medallion likeness of her friend, Dr. M'Dowell, of St. Louis, and presented it, in token of gratitude for his kind instruction.

Soon after the Hesper was completed Miss Charlotte Cushman, who had long been absent from her native country, made a dramatic tour through the United States. With her ready appreciation of talent in every form she was naturally attracted toward the young sculptor, in Watertown. The desire to visit Rome, which unavoidably rises in the heart of every artist, and a desire which our young friend had long cherished, was kindled into a flame by Miss Cushman's representations; and it was soon settled that Dr. Hosmer and his daughter should meet her in Paris, in the autumn of 1852. A week before her departure Harriet came on horseback to bid me farewell. She told me her father intended to return soon to his professional duties in America, but would leave her in Italy. I said, "Shall you never be homesick for your museum-parlor in Watertown, and your chamber, with such a pleasant look-out on Charles river, where you used to row your boat in summer, and skate in winter? Do you think you can be contented in a foreign land?" "I can be happy *any* where, with good health and a bit of marble," she replied, and springing into her saddle, she dashed away, and I lost sight of her among the trees.

She took with her to Rome a Diploma from Dr. M'Dowell, certifying the correctness of her anatomical knowledge; and two daguerreotypes of Hesper. Her highest ambition was to be received as the pupil of Mr. Gibson, the celebrated English sculptor, and the acknowledged head of art in Rome. But there was great doubt whether he would receive her. He had, of course, numerous applications, and lady-pupils, by their want of perseverance, had excited some prejudice among the artists in Rome. But the infinite advantages arising from the instructions of such a master, outweighed in her mind the disappointment of a refusal—it was worth the trial; and accordingly a friendly young sculptor placed the daguerreotypes in Mr. Gibson's hands, and told him somewhat of Miss Hosmer's history, character, and purposes. He listened in silence, looking intently, meanwhile, on the likenesses of Hesper. Then, closing the cases, he said, "Send the young lady to me—whatever I can teach her she shall learn."

When Dr. Hosmer went to the Via Fontanella to introduce his daughter, they passed through a large room, filled with renowned productions of Mr. Gibson's chisel; crossed a beautiful little garden, fragrant with orange-trees, and embellished by a fountain that sprinkled ferns in a shady nook; and entering another door, they ascended a steep flight of stairs, which brought them to a small studio lighted by a

large arched window. Mr. Gibson said he had appropriated this pleasant room to the use of his young lady-pupil, and there she has pursued her artistic labors ever since, time only cementing the cordial friendship which soon grew up between them.

Her unwearied diligence and perseverance attracted the master's notice and approbation at the very outset. She commenced her apprenticeship by copying some of the master-pieces of ancient art. The superb head of the Venus of Milo first tested her capabilities in that line, and this was afterward followed by the Cupid of Praxiteles and the beautiful Tasso of the British Museum.

To have confined herself to the studio would have been an unsafe proceeding for one whose constitution was naturally delicate, and whose previous habits had been so extremely active. In conformity with the parting instructions of her father, and with her own inclinations, she took a great deal of exercise on horseback. Her fearless riding attracted attention, and Americans—more afraid than any other people of offending against conventional rules—hastened to inform her that it was not the custom in Italy for ladies to ride alone. But she had not conquered so many difficulties. She conquered by a custom; so she went dashing about the environs of Rome as often as her health or pleasure required, and when the novelty had passed away people ceased to talk about it. There is a report that when the American *Charge d'Affaires* proposed to protect her on these excursions, she thanked him for his politeness, and playfully made him the same offer.

Before long she began to embody ideals of her own. The first was a head of Daphne, the nymph who was changed to laurel when pursued by Apollo. Her next was a head of Medusa, representing her as the beautiful maiden she originally was, and not as the frightful Gorgon. Both these works were finished with exquisite delicacy, and Mr. Gibson wrote: "These busts do her great honor." They were ordered by the late Samuel Appleton, of Boston, always a liberal patron of the fine arts, and on their arrival, in the autumn of 1853, they were publicly exhibited. A copy of the Daphne was subsequently made by Miss Hosmer for her friend, Mr. Crow, of St. Louis, and the Medusa has been often repeated, two copies being in England, in the possession of the Duchess of St. Albans and Lady Marian Alford.

In the summer of 1854 Mr. Gibson wrote to Dr. Hosmer: "Your daughter's industry continues unabated, and she makes progress in her profession, for her last model is her best. It is

really a fine work, and would do credit to many a sculptor in Rome. We have here now one of the greatest sculptors of the age, Rauch, of Berlin, seventy-seven years of age. He came to my studio, and staid a considerable time. Your daughter was absent, but I showed him all she had done, including a small sketch-model for a statue life-size. Rauch was much struck and pleased with her works, and expressed his opinion that she would become a clever sculptor. He inquired her age, and wrote her name in his pocket-book. So now you have the opinion of one of the greatest living sculptors concerning your daughter's merit."

The "sketch-model" to which Mr. Gibson alludes, and which he pronounces "well composed," was Miss Hosmer's first attempt to make an entire statue. It represents Olnone, the shepherd wife, whom Paris deserted for the beautiful Helen. When finished in marble this lovely and graceful figure was sent, in the summer of 1855, to Mr. Crow, of St. Louis, her munificent patron and "best friend," as she styles him, and who, with a liberality which has always characterized that gentleman, and which it is Miss Hosmer's greatest pleasure to acknowledge, had given her her first important commission. It was so much admired in St. Louis that the Mercantile Library, where by the courtesy of Mr. Crow it was placed, soon sent an order for another statue from the same hand.

In the summer of 1856 there arrived in Boston a small statue of Puck, ordered by Mr. Samuel Hooper, of that city. This statue is extremely popular—several copies have been ordered in this country, and three in England: one by His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, another by the Duke of Hamilton, and the third by the Earl of Portarlington.

About this time occurred the death of a lovely daughter of Madame Falconnet, an English lady, then resident in Rome. Being Catholic, she obtained the permission, now rarely granted, to erect a monument to her memory in one of the churches. Madame Falconnet was so much pleased with Miss Hosmer's productions, that she chose her to be the sculptor; and this flattering opportunity to have one of her works to remain permanently in Rome, the first afforded to any English or American sculptor, was extremely gratifying to the aspiring young artist. She made the clay model in the winter of 1857.

The same year she finished in marble a life-size statue of Beatrice Cenci, sleeping in her cell the morning previous to her execution. This is universally considered the best work she has yet produced. It is said that when Mr. Gibson

saw it completed, he remarked, "I can teach her nothing." After being exhibited at the Royal Academy in London, where it had a place of honor, and where many encomiums were lavished upon it, as well as in some of our principal cities, it was sent to the Mercantile Library in St. Louis, in fulfillment of the commission already alluded to, where it is regarded as one of the greatest ornaments of the city.

Miss Hosmer herself arrived in Boston a few days before the Cenci, after an absence of five years. But neither the attentions lavished upon her in Italy and England, nor the compliments that greeted her on her return home, appeared to produce any injurious change in her character. I was delighted to find her the same frank, unaffected child who parted from me on that summer evening. Contact with society had softened her manner, but she was still earnest and direct. Her vivaciousness was so contagious that she renewed my youth, and made me also believe in the possibility of accomplishing great things. But her confidence in herself was modest. There was no tinge of pretension to mar the beauty of her enthusiasm for art. She was not satisfied with what she *had* done, but was always aiming at something better; and I found that she was more desirous for discriminating criticism than for wholesale praise.

Though still young in years, her medium height and slender figure make her seem younger than she is. Her face is more genial and pleasant than her likenesses indicate; especially when engaged in conversation, its resolute earnestness lights up with gleams of humor. She looks as she *is*; lively, frank, and reliable. In dress and manners she seemed to me a charming hybrid between an energetic young lady and a modest lad. Her ample silken skirt was womanly, but the closely-fitting basque of black velvet buttoned nearly to the throat, like a vest, and showed a shirt-bosom and simple linen collar. It had pockets, into which she occasionally thrust her hands, as boys are wont to do, and she carried her spirited head with a manly air. Her broad forehead was partially shaded with short, thick, brown curls, which she often tossed aside with her fingers, as lads do. When she saluted me from the chaise, she touched the front of her hat and raised it from her head in gentlemanly fashion. When I praised the picturesque effect of the hat with its drooping plume, she answered, carelessly, "O, it's merely a lady's riding hat—I've not worn a bonnet these five years."

Never occupying herself with trifles, she passed directly to a description of a fountain she had modeled before she left Rome; the concep-

tion of which seemed to me extremely poetical. It is intended to represent Hylas going for water, and carried away by the water-nymphs. From a double basin supported by swans rises a pyramid, on which the handsome youth is standing. The enamored nymphs are circling round the base, extending their arms toward him, as if to draw him down into the basin, where spouting dolphins form a pool.

During her visit to America her mind was almost constantly occupied with planning a large statue of Zenobia in chains, as she appeared in the triumphal procession of the Emperor Aurelian. She had made a sketch, and seemed in a hurry to get back to Rome and model it. Meanwhile, she searched libraries, and read every thing that could be found concerning that great Queen of the East.

After her return to Rome she cut in marble the monument she had previously modeled. It represents a young maiden lying on a sarcophagus, sleeping the last sleep. The likeness is said to be extremely well preserved, and in all respects it gave great satisfaction to the relatives of the deceased. Mr. Layard, of Nineveh celebrity, after seeing this monument in the church of San Andrea delle Fratte, wrote as follows to Madame Falconnet: "I think you may rest fully satisfied with Miss Hosmer's success. It exceeds any expectations I had formed. The unaffected simplicity and tender feeling displayed in the treatment is all that could be desired for such a subject, and can not fail to touch the most casual observer. I scarcely remember ever to have seen a monument which more completely commanded my sympathy and more deeply interested me. I really know of none, of modern days, which I would sooner have placed over the remains of one who had been dear to me. Do not believe this is exaggerated praise. I faithfully convey to you the impression made upon me. I attribute this impression not more to the artistic merit of the work than to the complete absence of all affectation, to the simple truthfulness and genuine feeling of the monument itself. Mr. Gibson accompanied me on one of my visits, and the opinion he expressed was quite in accordance with my own; and he is not a man to give praise which is not deserved."

Since Miss Hosmer's return to Rome she has modeled a small statue, called Will-o'-the-Wisp, intended as a mate for Puck, which is in the possession of Mrs. George Lee, of Boston. But her great labor has been the statue of Zenobia, of heroic size, and of which the clay model is completed. Her motto is "Excelsior," and, judging from a photograph I have seen, this

statue will give a great impetus to her increasing reputation. The massive folds of rich drapery are admirably arranged; the beautiful face is calm and proud, and the whole expression is that of regal majesty, self-sustained under the pressure of adverse fate. It was this statue which secured to her the honor of being admitted as a member of the Academy of the Quirite in Rome.

The Legislature of Missouri recently voted to erect a statue to the Hon. Thomas Benton; and though there were several competitors, Harriet Hosmer was the artist selected to execute the work. This would be a very flattering compliment to any sculptor, who had devoted so few years to the perfection of his art. She felt it to be so, and, in a very manly letter, thanking the committee for the honor they had conferred, she says: "Your kindness will now afford me ample opportunity of proving to what rank I am really entitled as an artist, unsheltered by the critic's broad wings of compassion for the sex; for this work must be, as we understand the term, a *manly* work, and hence its merit alone must be my defense against the attacks of those who stand ready to resist any encroachments upon their self-appropriated sphere."

Some persons express the opinion that Miss Hosmer attracts so much attention mainly because her career is extraordinary for a woman. A young sculptor once said to me, "There are a dozen young men in Italy who make better statues than she does, without attracting a tenth part of the notice." But I observed a degree of pique in his tone, which mediocrity is not apt to excite. Undoubtedly, great attainments are more interesting in a woman; and they *ought* to be, on account of the disadvantages of her position, which it requires great strength of individual character to overcome. But it should be remembered that a successful woman excites more envy and jealousy than a man whose career is similar. If some are prone to overrate her, others are quite as eager to exaggerate all her defects, whether as lady or artist. My own impression is that Harriet Hosmer's productions can stand on their own merits, and need no allowance on account of her being a woman.

For the convenience of referring to her father, when I am in doubt about any fact, I am writing this sketch in the museum-parlor, which she fitted up, and which all the family considered peculiarly her own. I dip my pen in the inkstand she made, years ago, of a sea-gull's egg, and the body of a beautiful kingfisher, that she shot in one of her rambles. By my side is the crow's nest she captured, after climbing a tree forty feet high, now mounted on a

pretty rustic stand of her own manufacture. Under the window stands the skeleton of a cat which she prepared. In a glass case are any quantity of beetles and butterflies, mostly caught by herself and her sister. Birds, of various size and plumage, killed and stuffed by herself, and perched about in every nook and corner; piles of nests, with eggs in them, testify her love for natural history. In a recess stands the long Indian pipe she smoked with the Dacotah chief. Among the minerals is the lead-ore she brought up in a bucket from the mines of Dubuque. The walls are decorated with sketches—on which she tried her hand at painting. Her first efforts in plaster are scattered about the room; several of them likenesses of the hands of her school-mates at Lenox. On the piano lie photographs of her various works in marble; busts, monument, medallions, and statues. Among them is a daguerreotype of herself, with the blouse and artist's cap which she wears while at work in her Roman studio.

I looked into the little "shop" in the garden, where the bust of Hesper formerly refreshed my eyes with the mild beauty of the evening star. On the walls is a copy of the Royal Exchange, made when a school-girl. Various little models and tools are on the work-bench, where she used them, and a pile of dried clay is in the corner. Her father is unwilling to have the places of any of these articles changed. To him they all suggest incidents in the history of his remarkable child. These memorials of her industry, ingenuity, and genius, fill me with a saddened pleasure; for though I know she is alive, and very much alive, she is so far away from her native land, that these echoes from the past seem like voices of the dead.

WOMEN WHO REMAIN UNMARRIED.

BY A CHRISTIAN FASTER.

FEW things offend me more than the way in which it is customary to speak of elderly women who have remained unmarried. In conversation and in books the phrase "old maid" is very commonly used as an epithet of derision. In tales the step-mother and the maiden aunt are constantly represented as the mar-plots who do all the mischief, and make every body miserable. I think this to be both unchristian, unjust, and ungenerous. It is forgotten that in very many cases these single women have remained single through the fickleness or caprice of our own sex. Many others have continued faithful to an affection and a plighted troth, the object

of which has proved faithless, or is dead. Many more have sacrificed their affections and hopes at the shrine of duty. An infirm father, a widowed mother, or a family of orphans have been thrown upon their sympathizing care, and they have nobly surrendered their own happiness for the sake of those dependent ones. Others again have simply been passed by and overlooked; an unattractive person, unpleasing manners, a bashful and retiring demeanor, a life of seclusion, or a variety of other circumstances may have prevented a woman receiving an offer which she must wait for and can not seek. Yet such a woman may have a nature as capable of all the loving devotion of a wife and mother as any who have entered upon these relationships. I have known many who have seen their sisters and friends become each in turn the center of a fresh circle of love and of the sweet charities of home, while they, with hearts absolutely hungering for affection, have been left alone. In all such cases I maintain that these our unmarried sisters have a claim on the kind, respectful, and considerate attention of those in whom the psalmist's saying has been fulfilled—"He setteth the solitary in families." Let it be considered, too, how many of them are left in straitened circumstances, and with narrow means, dependent, perhaps, upon the cold charity of relatives who have "their own to provide for," and who reluctantly render aid to the sister who belongs to nobody. What wonder if there should be an occasional asperity of temper or peculiarity of manner observable in those who are situated thus! But, on the whole, I believe that there is scarcely any other class of the community to which, in a quiet way, we are more indebted. I do not know what the Church or the world would do without its single women. Every family needs its maiden aunt, who shall be at the beck and call of the rest. They are the sisters of charity in our Protestant Churches, rendering services for which it would be difficult to find so efficient a substitute, and with which we could not dispense. What a blank would at once appear in all our religious organizations if these unremunerated and often unappreciated helpers were withdrawn from them! It has been so in all ages of the Church. Remember Martha and Mary at Bethany; Lydia, and Priscilla, and Phoebe, and "the women which helped together with me in the Gospel." The book of Acts and the Epistles of Paul are full of the most ample recognitions of the services of such. Well may Paul write: "I say, therefore, to the unmarried and widows, It is good for them if they abide even as I. Concerning virgins I have no commandment of the Lord; yet I give my judg-

ment, as one that hath obtained mercy of the Lord to be faithful. There is this difference between a wife and a virgin. The unmarried woman careth for the things of the Lord, that she may be holy both in body and in spirit; but she that is married careth for the things of the world, how she may please her husband." 1 Corinthians vii, 8, 25, 34. I believe that the experience of every pastor will confirm this uninspired judgment of the apostle. I am sure that mine does, and when I remember how much I owe them for coöperation and help in innumerable ways, I must say, Blessings on these "our sisters who are the servants of the Church." In reviewing the history of my pastorate, so many cases came to my remembrance that I could not help giving expression to the reflections which arose spontaneously in my mind. I will jot down a few reminiscences of one or two of these cases.

Jane Farmer used to be spoken of in our village as a confirmed "old maid." Many were the jokes at her expense. And to those who were not acquainted with the facts of her history, she seemed to be a fair mark for ridicule. She had lived alone for several years, and had, in consequence, acquired not a few eccentricities of manner. Although she was known to have inherited a moderate competency, at least sufficient for her wants, she was almost parsimonious in her expenditure. This, of course, made her very unpopular. She was indefatigable in visiting the sick, and always ready to render assistance in ways which did not require pecuniary expenditure, yet this did not save her from the reproach of niggardliness. Her acts of kindness were received with an ill-grace, and few persons felt really and heartily grateful for her services. Yet there was no one more constantly sent for in trouble. She would sit up night after night with the sick; would volunteer her help in a case of fever or small-pox, even when the infection was so virulent that professional nurses refused to attend. She would take charge of a whole family of noisy children whose mother was ill. But all these services, so freely and cheerfully rendered, were simply taken for granted. Little gratitude was felt for what was regarded as a matter of course, and while every body was ready to blame the miserly old maid, or to laugh at her follies, few remembered how much they really owed her for manifold services. Her history, when known, will show how unjustly she was judged.

When about eighteen years of age, she, with an elder brother, was left an orphan. By her father's will she was to receive \$12,500 on coming of age. Her brother, who was about to go

into business, received his fortune at once. The brother and sister were very warmly attached to each other. Being left alone in the world they decided to live together, and as soon as he had completed his arrangements to start in life, she took up her abode with him as his housekeeper. She was then a very agreeable, pretty, light-hearted girl. For four or five years she continued to reside with her brother, managing his domestic affairs with great propriety, and enjoying as much quiet happiness as falls to the lot of most young people. He then married, and the question arose whether she should remain with him and his wife or not. They wished her to do so. But she, wisely, as I think, decided, for the present at least, to leave them. There is much wisdom in the injunction that "a man shall *leave* his father and mother and *cleave unto his wife*." Two mistresses in a family seldom go on well together. The young wife is not unnaturally jealous of her own authority and of her husband's love, and resents any appearance of interference with her prerogatives. The mother and sister, on the other hand, are no less reluctant to sink into the second place, where they have hitherto been first. It is painful to see control and love transferred to another. Nor can these feelings be always repressed or concealed. I augur badly, therefore, for the peace and happiness of the family where the former mistress remains after the new mistress has arrived. Jane, feeling this, returned to her native village, and lived with a widowed aunt. I did not know her at this time, nor, indeed, till many years afterward. But I have heard her spoken of in terms of warm admiration for Christian consistency and unobtrusive usefulness. Her subsequent conduct, in my judgment, amply justified these praises.

I have reason to believe that she received several offers of marriage, but declined them all on the ground that her suitors were not pious men. She interpreted strictly the command, "Be not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," believing it to be still binding, and, therefore, acted upon it implicitly. But after a time a respectable young tradesman of the neighborhood sought her hand, and was accepted. He was a consistent member of the Church, and the engagement, suitable in all respects, promised to lead to a very happy marriage. His prospects, however, were somewhat uncertain. He was, in a measure, dependent upon a relative whose business he was managing, and in which he had a small share. This relative counseled, and, indeed, insisted upon a delay of a couple of years, promising that if all went on smoothly for that period he would then retire and give up the

concern to the young couple. As there seemed to be no alternative, they yielded to his wishes, and the marriage was delayed.

An additional reason for delay offered itself at the same time in the fact that her brother's wife died in giving birth to her fourth child. Jane's duty was clear, and she returned to take charge of her brother's home and his family of motherless children. But a great change had come over him since her former residence there. His wife, a thoughtless, frivolous woman, had led him into company, and given him a taste for gay society, in which he had begun to indulge to excess. His business was neglected, his home forsaken for days together, and his expenses far outran his income. This made Jane intensely miserable. The poor girl remonstrated with him, but without effect. He told her to mind her own business, and if she did not like his way of life to leave him. She saw, however, that only her management stood between him and ruin. The children, too, she could not, would not leave. Painful as her position was, therefore, she resolved to remain.

The two years had now elapsed. Mr. P. was settled in business, and, greatly needing her help, he urged an immediate marriage. She could not, however, consent to leave the poor children in their orphanhood, and begged for a little further delay till some arrangement could be made for them. This gave rise to a slight coolness between Jane and Mr. P., whose affairs were suffering for want of a mistress at the head of his household. She felt this very deeply, but the path of duty seemed plain to her, and she would not refuse to walk in it. While matters were in this position her brother, returning from some races in the neighborhood with a party who had been drinking freely, was thrown from the conveyance, was picked up insensible, and died in a few hours. On investigating his affairs after his decease, they proved to be in a most deplorable state. Not only had he lost the whole of his property, but some hundreds of Jane's money which he held had likewise been swallowed up, and his whole assets were insufficient to pay his debts. His family were left penniless, and, but for Jane, almost friendless. The aged aunt with whom she had lived was now dead, and not a single near relative survived to take charge of the orphans, the eldest of whom was but a child, and the youngest an infant. The poor girl took counsel with her own heart and with God in prayer. It was a bitter and painful struggle. At last she came to a decision, and wrote to Mr. P., breaking off the engagement. She gave her reasons clearly and plainly. She could not forsake the orphans whom

"the Father of the fatherless" had cast upon her care. She could not ask Mr. P. to receive them. It would be to involve him in expenses he could not afford, and in responsibilities which he could not be expected to assume. God had imposed this charge upon her, and she must receive it with all its consequences. Mr. P. endeavored to shake her resolution, but in vain. He proposed that the children should be got into some orphan asylum, and was willing that a portion of her property should be alienated for that purpose if needful. But she would not consent to be separated from them, and, as he was not willing to be burdened with them, the engagement was at an end. In rather less than a year afterward he married a cousin, and Jane again returned to L—— with her orphan charge.

I dare say many of my readers, especially the younger ones, will blame Mr. P. I will not altogether justify him. Yet I hardly see how he could have acted otherwise. A young tradesman can not afford to burden himself with heavy expenses at his outset in life, nor could he be expected to have his domestic comfort broken up from the beginning by a family of children in whom he could feel no especial interest. Those who take their impressions of life from works of fiction will probably say that he ought to have waited till the orphan family could be placed out or provided for, and that his faithfulness through years of delay would have been rewarded at last by a happy marriage. Let such remember his character and position. He was not wanting in affection, but prudence and practical common-sense were predominant. He had already suffered by delay, and felt that he could ill afford to delay longer. But whatever judgment we may form of his conduct, there can, I think, be only one opinion as to the course which Jane marked out for herself. It was in the true spirit of Christian devotedness and self-sacrifice that she surrendered her own happiness and crucified her own affections. Poor girl! She was very young to be so severely tried; very young to enter upon so responsible a charge. She "*took up the cross*," and bravely bore it when she might easily have escaped it. Few would have blamed her if, having made some arrangement for the children, she had fulfilled her engagement, and thus consulted her own feelings. But I can not doubt that, when the sacrifice had been made, she had her reward in an inward peace—"the peace of God, which passeth all understanding."

Her income, though sufficient for herself, was very small when these additional claims were made upon it. But, by a rigid economy and self-denial, she made it suffice. She restricted herself to the merest necessities of life, dispensed

with the help of a servant, and set herself to perform the part of a mother to the poor orphans. Some one has said that affection grows in proportion not to the benefits we receive, but those we confer, and that he who makes sacrifices for another receives a stronger impulse to love than he on whose behalf they are made. This is often verified, and it was so in this case. Jane became quite absorbed in her little charge. They were her earthly all. She had no relative, and few friends. She lived only for their welfare. Little could they know of what she had sacrificed on their account. It was only when they had grown up that they heard of the surrender of her own happiness which she had made for them. They loved her, and were grateful to her, but their feelings were cold and feeble compared with those which she cherished toward them. The fondest mother could hardly love her offspring more than she did these nephews and nieces. When I first knew her she had succeeded in placing the youngest in a comfortable situation. As they were now able to provide for themselves, it might have been expected that she would at length consult her own ease and indulge herself with enjoyments from which she had long been debarred. But her habits were formed. The body of the laborer becomes bent and distorted by his daily toil, so that even in repose it remains fixed in the attitude acquired during years of exertion. So the habits forced upon us by necessity become at last so confirmed that we can not throw them off when the necessity has ceased. The pressure which was painful at first, being continued, gives a bent to our thoughts and feelings which becomes a second nature. Thus we see minds as well as bodies fixed in immovable and inflexible distortion. So it was with Jane. She had acquired the habit of an almost parsimonious economy. This at first had been painful to her, and altogether alien from her natural disposition. But she had been compelled to practice it for years under the impulse of a lofty motive. It had formed part of her heroic self-devotion, and formed not the least heavy among the burdens she so nobly bore. Now, the habit having been formed, she was unable to abandon it. Nay, she was unconscious of the error. She still thought that she was but doing her duty, as she endeavored to hoard a small fortune for her nephews and nieces on her decease. Shall we severely blame her? Shall we join with those who, not knowing her history, or not making allowances for it, used to call her "a niggardly old maid?" Surely not! She has long ago passed away from this world of toil and conflict. She has gone into the presence of that just and merciful

Judge who said, "Whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me." It was in the Master's name that she received them, trained them up in his fear, and sacrificed herself for their sake. In his august and glorious presence the external defects and eccentricities which so often called forth the censure of those who "judge according to appearance" have vanished. Many whose lives have flowed on smoothly and inoffensively may be found "scarce-ly saved," while she may be received with especial honor by Him who has promised that "whosoever shall give to drink unto one of those little ones a cup of cold water only shall in no wise lose his reward," and whose rule of judgment will be, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

The case of Jane Farmer is only one among many. Space will not allow me to narrate at length the histories of others. I can only glance at them. I recall one instance in which a young girl repeatedly refused the most tempting offers of marriage, that she might devote herself to parents who were infirm and petulant through long affliction. She would not leave them, though I have reason to believe that in one case the temptation to do so was strong, as her affections were very deeply engaged. So long as they lived and needed her filial attention, nothing could tempt her to forsake them. They lingered on year after year. Her youthful bloom faded. Confinement in the sick-room paled her cheek and dimmed the brightness of her eye. When, after years of patient service, the death of the last surviving parent liberated her from her charge, she had lost all her sprightliness and all her beauty. She had grown a grave, somber, and unattractive woman, who "must finish her journey alone." It would be difficult to exaggerate the value of her services to the Church throughout the subsequent years of her life. Another case comes to my mind of an eminent-devout young woman, engaged to a gentleman of considerable property, who had won her affections under an appearance of piety. She discovered that his religious feelings, if they had existed at all, were evanescent, and had passed away. Her friends derided her scruples. Her parents, though members of the Church, subjected her to much domestic persecution, to compel her to carry out her engagement. Her own affections strongly urged her in the same direction. But, rightly or wrongly I can hardly say, she resolved that such a union was forbidden by the clear command of Scripture, and neither ridicule, persecution, nor entreaty could make her sin against what she understood to be the re-

vealed will of God. She was thus self-devoted to a life of celibacy. My readers will probably differ in their judgment as to the correctness of her application of Scripture. But no one can fail to admire the devotion to duty, as she understood it, which her conduct displayed. Would to God that in this day, when self-denial for Christ's sake is so rare, and when so few persons really take the Bible as their rule and law of life, her example might find imitators in its meaning and spirit!

There is nothing remarkable or unusual in these cases. They are not exceptional but exemplary instances. From almost every Church or every circle of friends, several parallel cases could be adduced. It is because they are thus commonplace in their character that they are especially fit for my purpose. I desire to show that the way in which "old maids" are commonly spoken of is "unchristian, ungenerous, and unjust." Let their histories be traced out and their services remembered, then I am quite sure that the tone of disparagement so commonly heard will cease, and will be changed into language of respect and gratitude. Every officer in our Churches, and all who are interested in philanthropic or religious movements, must join the apostle in invoking "help for those women which labored with me in the Gospel," and in grateful acknowledgments of the services rendered by many "a sister who is a servant of the Church, and who has been a succorer of many, and of myself also."

MY SISTER.

BY C. LYSANDER HEMENWAY.

FOND recollection brings to me,
In dreams of days gone by,
The form of one I long to see—
One with a spirit, light and free,
And brilliant, laughing eye.

She was a sister, loving, true,
An *only* one of mine—
But now unto my raptured view,
Arrayed in robes of heavenly hue,
She lives where glories shine.

Cut down in youth and beauty's prime,
Heart-rending stroke to me,
She lives in a more glorious clime,
Beyond the shores of earth and time,
Where naught but joy can be.

Now standing on that happy shore,
In fancy her I see,
That *loved* one gone forever more,
With anxious fears and griefs all o'er,
And waiting now for me.

**A HALF HOUR WITH MY SUNDAY
SCHOLARS.**

THE PASSING AND THE PERMANENT.

BY W. WALTERS.

"Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." MATT. xxiv, 35.

I.

ONE day, a father was walking in his garden, with his two children, admiring the flowers. A choice rose-bush, in luxuriant bloom, chiefly engaged their attention, and gave them greatest pleasure. "Father," said Albert, "how good God is to send us such beautiful flowers!" "Yes," replied the father, "God is good to create for our enjoyment so much beauty and fragrance. But see how he employs this rose-bush to teach you another lesson also! Look at the hundreds of petals scattered around by last night's storm! In a few days, my dear children, all those flowers you now admire will be like these withered rose-leaves. The foliage of the tree will presently fade. And the winds will whisper among the naked twigs, '*Heaven and earth shall pass away!*'"

What a rich, glorious sunset we had last evening! As the bright orb approached the west, his splendor, which had been fiery and fierce during the day, grew more and more subdued, till at last he sank beneath the horizon, and was lost to view. The clouds, some in heavy masses, others light and fleecy, assumed a thousand tints of beauty, as if an angel had touched them with a brush dipped in colors all divine. Gradually, the glory paled, and daylight died out, and the black pall of night was thrown over all the earth; and the last thing which seemed visible was the inscription on every hill-side and valley and plain—on every flower and blade of grass—on the bosom of every lake and on every wave of the rippling sea, "*Heaven and earth shall pass away.*"

I was reading the other day a book called "The Illustrated Book of Costume; or, Annals of Fashion from the Earliest Period to the Present Time." It is an amusing and instructive work, containing, besides the descriptive letter-press, many pictorial representations of dress. It furnishes an account of the fashions of the earliest nations of antiquity—of the Assyrians, the Egyptians, the Jews, the Persians, the Chinese, the Greeks, the Romans, the Germans, and others whom I do not now remember. There is, moreover, a history of the changes in dress in Great Britain, from the age of the Druids down to the present day. I have not time to describe any of these costumes; and if I were to do so,

unless I could accompany my words by pictures, speaking at once to the eye and the ear, you would not understand me. But as I read page after page, and marked how one style of garment gave place to another, I thought I saw a foreshadowing of the period when "*Heaven and earth shall pass away.*"

I visited not long ago Warkworth, England. We strolled along the banks of the Coquet, explored the Hermitage, and mounted the Castle-walls. What a different aspect, however, those walls present now from that they presented to the Claverings, the Percys, and the Umfranvilles of olden times! Then they were a defense and a glory. Now they are broken and roofless, fast crumbling to dust. Every year witnesses their rapid decay. And all the year long they say to all who see them, "*Heaven and earth shall pass away.*"

I once knew a fine, intelligent little boy, who was the pride of his father, and the joy of his dear mother's heart. He was a strong, bright, gleeful child. His laugh rang in the house like merry bells. There was in him the promise of a great and good man. But one night death came to the side of his bed, and put his cold hand upon his heart, and froze up the streams of life; and his ruddy cheeks grew pale, and his bright eyes sightless; and his friends put him into his coffin, and lowered him into the dark grave. I went not long ago to see the spot. A granite stone is at his head. White flowers were blooming over him. And it seemed as if a voice from the spirit-world fluttered about the place, ever saying, "*Heaven and earth shall pass away.*"

And these, my young friends, are the words of Scripture. It tells us that there shall come a time when all seas and rivers shall be dried up—when all cities and towns, and every human habitation shall be thrown down—when all flowers and herbs, and the trees of the forest shall wither—when there shall be neither sun, nor moon, nor stars—when the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth and its works shall be consumed by fire—when "*Heaven and earth shall pass away.*"

II.

But there are some things that shall remain, and among them are the words of Jesus Christ: "*My words shall not pass away.*" What are the words of Jesus Christ? I answer, all the words of doctrine, and invitation, and encouragement, and promise, and warning, and threatening in the Bible; especially the words which he spoke when he was upon earth: "But seek

ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." These are Christ's words; and the following: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." It was Jesus who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of heaven." To him also we are indebted for that precious text, "For God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Remember, too, that he said, "For whosoever shall be ashamed of me and my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he shall come in his own glory, and in his Father's, and of the holy angels."

Now, these words, and all others that Jesus has spoken, either himself directly, or indirectly through his servants, must remain. He has not spoken in ignorance. Your words often pass away because you speak them in ignorance of what shall take place in the future. "I am going with mamma to London," said a little girl to her friend one day; "and I shall see the Crystal Palace, and the Zoölogical Gardens, and the British Museum, and the Houses of Parliament, and Westminster Abbey, and the Tower, and St. Paul's, and all the fine sights." A few days after that little girl sickened and died, and, instead of going to London, she was conveyed by angels up to heaven. Never speak positively of to-morrow, inasmuch as you know not what a day may bring forth. Jesus, however, knows the end from the beginning. All things, past, present, and to come, are before his eyes. Nothing can happen with which he has not been acquainted long. He knows that all he has said must come to pass. Hence he could affirm, "*My words shall not pass away.*"

Again, Jesus has spoken in sincerity. He means what he says. Men often make promises they never mean to fulfill, and they threaten when they never mean to punish. Many children are fond of jesting, as they call it—saying what they know to be false, promising what they have no intention to perform. "Tom Smith," said a boy, one day, to another boy, who was spinning his top in the street, "I'll give you a dozen marbles for that top, if you'll come to our house for them." "Agreed," said Tom, "I will;" and off he went to exchange his top for a dozen marbles. When they reached the house, the boy who had proposed the ex-

change ran in, and shut the door, shouting, "I don't want your top. It's all a jest; it's all a jest." And Tom had to return in disappointment. Jesus Christ never jests. All his words are spoken in earnest. He means to love children who seek him, and give him their hearts. He means to pardon your sins, if you repent of them and believe in him. He means to make you happy here, and to take you to heaven when you die, if you become his followers. And he means to punish forever all who disobey his commands. He does not say one thing and intend another. His "*words shall not pass away.*"

Jesus never changes his mind. You can never depend upon some people, because they are so fickle. "A certain man had two sons; and he came to the first, and said, Son, go to work to-day in my vineyard. He answered and said, I will not; but afterward he repented and went. And he came to the second, and said likewise. And he answered and said, I go, sir; and went not." But nothing can induce Christ to alter his purpose. You could sooner bend the largest tree that ever grew in the forest, or turn the strongest river that flows into the sea, or put out the light of the sun at noonday. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. He is of one mind, and none can turn him. His "*words shall not pass away.*"

Remember, also, that Jesus Christ can fulfill all he has said. "You will be sure to get that work done for me by Friday night," said a gentleman to a tradesman whom he had employed to make some furniture. "Yes, sir; you shall have it without fail." Friday night came, and Saturday night, but not the furniture. On Monday morning the gentleman called on the tradesman at his office, and asked him why he had not been as good as his word. "O, sir," he replied, "I am as grieved as you are. When I promised to let you have the things by Friday night, it was my full intention to perform my promise, and there was every probability of my being able to perform it; but the morning after I saw you my workmen all struck for wages, and so I have not completed the order." The Lord Jesus has all power in heaven and upon earth. No one can hinder him from accomplishing his will. His "*words shall not pass away.*"

Consider, once more, that Christ always has brought his words to pass. Some people talk much, but do little. They deceive strangers, but not those who know them. The simple and unsuspecting may expect great things from them; but prudent persons indulge no hopes, and suffer no disappointment. The words of Jesus

have never been broken. He told the centurion that he would heal his servant, and he "was healed in the self-same hour." He assured the woman who had an issue of blood that her faith had made her whole; "and the woman was made whole from that hour." The ruler of the synagogue lost his daughter by death. Jesus went to the house, and said unto her, "Damsel, I say unto thee, arise; and straightway the damsel arose and walked." A certain father came unto him one day in great agony, to ask his sympathy and help on behalf of his only child, who was possessed of a devil. "And Jesus rebuked the unclean spirit, and healed the child, and delivered him again to his father." To the penitent thief on the cross he said, "Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise;" and that night Jesus and the ransomed sinner were together in glory. He promised, the last thing before he left this world, that he would pour out his Holy Spirit on the disciples, and on the day of Pentecost he fulfilled his word. He says, "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." Millions of sinners, on the strength of this saying, have sought salvation from Christ, and not one has been disappointed. Dear young friends! if you come to him, he will not disappoint you. What he has done is a proof of what he will do. His "*words shall not pass away.*"

Many of you, I fear, are thoughtless and wicked. You love play, and dress, and bad habits, and companions, more than you love Jesus Christ. Pray to God, my children, that he would renew your hearts by his Holy Spirit. Take with you words, and, approaching God, say—

Now, in our early days,
Teach us thy will to know;
O God, thy sanctifying grace,
Betimes, on us bestow.

Our hearts, to folly prone,
Renew by power divine;
Unite them to thyself alone,
And make us wholly thine."

"Ask," said Jesus, "and it shall be given to you." "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away."

CONTENTMENT.

OUR whole trouble in our lot in this world rises from the disagreement of our mind therewith. Let the mind be brought to the lot, and the whole tumult is instantly hushed; let it be kept in that disposition, and the man shall stand at ease in his affliction, like a rock unmoved with waters beating on it.

DEACON RIMMER; OR, GRACE BETTER THAN RICHES.

BY LUCY RUSHBROOK.

"WELL, well," said Deacon Rimmer, as he was returning to his lowly home with the small bundle of sticks he had picked up in the high road, "poor Fanny will not have much fire to warm her to-morrow; but she is a patient soul, and will only say in her kind way, 'It is all for the best, Deacon, it is all for the best.'"

So the old man returned with a heavy heart, and found every thing arranged in the neatest manner possible, while the careful Fanny was busily engaged in repairing their scanty wardrobe.

"I have been unfortunate to-day, Fanny, unfortunate as usual. I did not sell but two pumpkins, and our stock of fuel is so small that it will not keep the cold from biting our feet to-morrow."

Fanny smiled kindly, perhaps sadly, and answered, "The test of fortunate or unfortunate is to be tried hereafter, Deacon; God's children do not thrive best in this world."

"Perhaps not, perhaps not," answered the Deacon.

"Perhaps," repeated Fanny in a tone so sad that the old man looked up in her face, and thought he detected tears.

"I will not pain thee, my own, my loving wife," he said, kindly; "but, Fanny, for thy sake I will work on, and trust in God for a reunion in heaven, where want and suffering shall be known no longer."

"For my sake, Deacon! say rather for the love of Him who gave me to thee."

"Shout aloud," said the old man, clapping his hands, "God is good; he has tried me with loss of friends, with want, and many other things; but he has given me health, and Fanny!" and he dropped on his knees, and offered a prayer of thanks to Heaven.

"Let us prepare something for the Sabbath day," said Fanny. "I have a loaf of bread, and collected a bundle of sticks, which, added to yours, will keep the cold at a distance; so kindle up the fire, while I cut and prepare a pumpkin, and we will have some bread and pumpkin sauce. Let us be thankful; prophets and martyrs have fared worse than we."

"So they have, Fanny, so they have—by the by, is it not fortunate I did not sell all the pumpkins? You are right, my good dame, you are right. Prophets and martyrs have had no pumpkins to eat, and no Fanny to eat with

them. I did wrong to murmur. O, God," and he clasped his hands, "make me thankful for all thy benefits."

"Does Deacon Rimmer live about here?" called a man from a smart-looking vehicle.

"Yes, sir, he lives here, and I am the man." The man in the Jenny Lind eyed him superciliously, and said,

"I have a letter for his wife; come and get it."

The hectic flush of indignant manhood tinged, for a moment, the old man's sun-burnt face, but the letter was for his honored wife; so he stepped out, took it, and gave it into her hands.

"It is from Mrs. Melroy," said Fanny, after she had with great care and some difficulty, mastered its contents. "She is sick, poor soul, and has taken a fancy to have me with her for a few days."

"But you can not go, Fanny; the lady is rich, and can get hundreds of nurses; besides, I can not part with you. If it were a poor woman who wanted you for a few days, I might spare you; but Mrs. Melroy is rich. A poor woman might need your careful nursing, and good advice as well; but Mrs. Melroy is rich and haughty; you can not go, Fanny, you shall not go."

"But my duty is so plain before me," pleaded Fanny, "that I must entreat you to spare me for one short week."

"Short week, good woman; why, with you absent, weeks would lengthen into months, and for Mrs. Melroy, too, who does not need your advice or assistance—you shall not go; you shall not go."

"Ah, Deacon, you are mistaken in saying Mrs. Melroy does not need my assistance. I do not know of any poor woman who needs it half as much; Mrs. Melroy's complaints are more than half imaginary, and the fashionable minister, to whose Church she belongs, keeps her blindly ignorant of her duty."

"Why, Fanny, the lady thinks herself pious, and I have met her more than once in the abodes of poverty talking to the sick, but in such a manner as did more harm than good, and I verily believe that, had it not been for the temporal benefits she conferred, she would have had the doors shut on her."

"She did not address them as fellow-sinners, but talked to them as being alone under condemnation, and she assumed the air of one delegated to command, rather than advise."

"'What a tongue that woman has!' said a poor girl in a deep consumption, to whom she had been talking in her accustomed haughty style; 'if she comes here again, make some excuse to keep her from me, I can not bear to hear her pray.'"

"But that poor girl listened to you, Deacon Rimmer, and God, in his own good time, converted her soul."

"Even so, Fanny, even so."

"On whom, then, Deacon Rimmer, has the Almighty conferred the greatest favor, on her who is so loaded with riches that she sickens at the multiplicity of its enjoyments, or on you, who can, with hard labor, scarcely earn your daily bread, yet have had souls given for your hire?"

"Fanny, Fanny, I need you much, but Mrs. Melroy needs you more. You have taught me that it is not well to be angry with God; teach her that grace is better than riches."

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JANUARY 1, 1861.

BY REV. F. S. CASSADY.

THIS day marks a new era in the history of the world; it begins the year of our Lord 1861. Another year has gone into eternity, and into eternity with that year have gone no less than thirty millions of human souls. The time was when they all had their theater of action on earth, and when the final destiny of each one of this vast army of human beings was a problem yet to be solved by the circumstances of the case; but with the entombment of the year 1860 in the sepulcher of a past eternity, there came upon their conditions in the other world a period of eternal fixedness. Those who brighten and burn in the sunbeams of immortality have heaven secured to them beyond all possibility of a reversion of their destiny; while those that writhe and wail in the regions of the lost have hell, in endless perpetuity, as their portion. Such has been the history of the past year in its contributions to the two worlds of eternity; and what has been the history of that eventful year will certainly be duplicated in the one upon whose threshold we tread to-day.

Time is ever on the wing. His march through the roll of ages has indeed been swift; and yet this hour his flight is none the less fleet than it has ever been. Whatever work, in the processes of nature or in the operations of men, may occasionally cease, his never pauses—never reaches a period of intermission. He has sounded the death-knell of nearly twenty successive generations of the world, and witnessed the decease and burial of unnumbered millions of our race; and yet to-day he wields his iron scepter over humanity with as firm a hand as ever.Flushed with the mighty spoils and trophies of the past, his fatal scythe is still vigorously employed in cutting down and earthing the sons and daugh-

ters of Adam; nor will he ever be done peopling the charnel-houses of earth till "time shall be no more."

And yet how few read aright the record of time in the earth, and learn life's truest wisdom from the mournful triumphs which on every hand attest his fearful power! The monuments which time has erected and is erecting we see in every graveyard around us, and in all the familiar objects which lie about our walks in life; and yet so silently has all this been done, that we hardly realize it in our consciousness. Time is indeed fleeting; and we, like those who have gone before us, fleet with it; but how little do we feel its and our passage to eternity! So noiselessly does time speed away, and we with it, that we have no realizing sense of our motion in the direction of the solemn hereafter.

But time is precious. Related as it is to the great work of life and to the solemn issues of eternity, every moment of it is precious—precious beyond all human consideration. This life is full of grave duties and responsibilities. There is much for every man, especially the child of heaven, to do in the world; and every man's salvation in the world to come depends upon the manner of his doing it. So great and varied is the work, that fidelity to it requires the nicest and most judicious expenditure of our time. It is too precious to be wasted on trifles; "time is short," and every moment of it is necessary to our lifetime work. And yet how few value time aright by an earnest appropriation of its golden moments to the interests of eternity! How few so estimate its value as to see no wisdom in that life which does become all the nobler and better by improving it; and which does not look beyond itself to the happiness, present and eternal, of others!

If a heathen emperor, accustomed to make every day count something of happiness to his subjects, could exclaim with such bitter regret over the blank history of twenty-four hours, "*I have lost a day!*" what should be the relation of the Christian's conscience to the question of lost time? Most earnestly taught by the sacred oracles to "redeem the time" by doing good of every possible kind to their fellow-men, what fearful responsibilities are thousands in the Church of Christ rushing on to meet on the score of unredeemed time! No good man can lose a day without incurring responsibility of the gravest nature, because so much is lost to the world's progress in religion, virtue, and happiness. That day has been lost in the history of many a professor, which was followed by the still more terrible loss of the soul of a friend or neighbor, whose salvation, under God, might

have been the achievement of a well-spent day! That day is indeed lost in which the Christian neither gets nor does any good; and eternity will so declare it. How many such days, kind reader, can you count in the history of the year just ended? Let this be the hour of a retrospect over the record of 1860; summon back those days which God gave you during this year, in which to cultivate your Christian graces, and to use your influence for the promotion of his cause among men. Happy are you, indeed, if, in a prayerful review of that record, you can find no lost days: to you this is truly a "happy new year." But if there are blanks in that moral history, learn the preciousness of time, by seeing how much is to be done with that which remains, and how vastly important it is for you to make your moments count better for the future. There should be a mighty inspiration to your zeal for the cause of heaven in the fact that you have but little time in which to work. Look at what is to be done for yourself and your fellow-men, in connection with the solemn point at which all your efforts must cease—the grave! Do this, and you will have a noble history at the close of this year, should you live to see it; and should you fall before its close, you will have a glorious reward in the skies! "Whosoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, in the grave whither thou goest." He who makes this motto the rule of his Christian life, "living or dying, is the Lord's."

But what shall be said to those readers of the Repository, if there be such, who have never rightly valued time, and traced out its relationship to happiness and heaven? We would affectionately say to all such, "it is high time to awake out of sleep"—high time to be concerned about making a start for the skies! This is the first day of the NEW YEAR, and, as such, it is peculiarly suggestive of the necessity of a change in your mode of life. Already, if unrenewed by grace, reader, is your record dark with sin and guilt. Without religion, the best life on earth is a terrible failure; and is not yours such? Moreover, the sands of life are rapidly ebbing out with you. God's word says truly to a number whose eyes will glance over these pages—and may he not so say to you?—"This year thou shalt die!" With thousands of the race, and you may be included in the number, the day of death is somewhere between the first of January and the last day of December, 1861.

Be wise, then. Enter the Master's vineyard, and work in earnest for the salvation of your soul, and for the welfare of your fellow-men.

THE INSANITY OF WILLIAM COWPER.

EDITORIAL.

A FEW years since we had occasion to notice the injustice done to John Wesley by the most noted of all his biographers—Robert Southey. That injustice arose not from any lack of respect for the character of his subject on the part of the biographer, but simply from his inability to comprehend the religious element in that character. On examining the Life of Cowper by the same author not long since we were strongly impressed with the fact that he had done the same injustice to Cowper, and from the same cause. We shall notice these misapprehensions only incidentally as they are connected with the melancholy—or, to use a stronger term, the insanity of Cowper. This melancholy, it is well known, was a deep, religious gloom, sometimes bordering upon despair, and only now and then irradiated with the sunshine of a joyous heart. The secret cause of that gloom will, perhaps, never be known. But the facts connected with it are deeply interesting, and when carefully considered, certainly show that religion, so far from being its cause, really afforded most of the alleviation from it that the poor sufferer ever experienced.

Cowper was born November 26, 1731. His infancy was delicate in no common degree, and his constitution discovered at a very early season that morbid tendency to diffidence, to melancholy, and despair, which darkened as he advanced in years. The loss of a loving mother at the early age of six years fell heavily on his delicate and sensitive nature. How heavily may be gathered from that poem of unsurpassed beauty and pathos that flowed from his very soul on receiving her portrait in later years. We quote a passage from it:

"O, that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
The same, that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else how distinct they say,
'Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away'
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O, welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honor with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.

My mother, when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretched e'en then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfeet, a kiss,
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,

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And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? It was. Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And disappointed still was still deceived.
By expectation every day beguiled,
Duke of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot."

This bereavement had a tendency to develop his constitutional malady. In addition to this there was a concurrence of circumstances tending to the same end. For two years he was shut up in darkness on account of a disease of the eyes. Then he was abused and tyrannized over in school till even in his boyhood, to use his own language, he "was struck with an uncommon lowness of spirits." This morbid development was further aggravated by the sudden death by drowning of his intimate friend and playmate, and, to crown the whole, disappointment in love followed in the train of the other aggravating causes of his malady. The young lady whose affections he had won, and whom he loved with all the ardor of his morbidly-passionate nature, was refused him by her father. They both submitted, but this act completed the ascendancy of his morbid malady.

At the age of thirty-two Cowper was still simply consuming life. He did no business, and, to meet his wants, had been gradually using up the small patrimony left him at his father's death. Necessity now forced him to some effort. A public office was secured for him by the favor of his uncle. For several months he devoted himself to a preparation for its duties. But as the day of examination preparatory to installment in office approached, his mind was completely unnerved. His feelings at that moment are best described by himself: "Now came the grand temptation, the point to which Satan had all the while been driving me—the dark and hellish purpose of self-murder. I grew more sullen and reserved, fled from all society, even from my most intimate friends, and shut myself up in my chambers. Being reconciled to the apprehension of madness I began to be reconciled to the apprehension of death." He speaks of himself as being "day and night on the rack, lying down in horror and rising up in despair." He made several successive efforts to end his life. Drowning, hanging, the knife, and laudanum were

all resorted to, but all his attempts were providentially thwarted.

The development of actual madness was not long delayed. He, himself, is the chronicler of its advent. "While I traversed the apartment," says he, "in the most horrid dismay of soul, . . . a strange and horrible darkness fell upon me. If it were possible that a heavy blow could light on the brain, without touching the skull, such was the sensation I felt. I clapped my hand to my forehead, and cried aloud through the pain it gave me. At every stroke my thoughts and expressions became more wild and indistinct; all that remained clear was the sense of sin, and the expectation of punishment. These kept undisturbed possession all through my illness, without interruption or abatement." His friends now had him placed in an asylum for the insane; and under the careful treatment of Dr. Cotton, he was, in about five months, partially restored. The thing that contributed to this more than all mere medical treatment, was the religious instructions and helps he here received. These led at length to his joyful conversion to Christ. His conversion was sudden and powerful. While "feeling after God" with anxious prayer and thought, his eye fell upon Rom. iii, 25: "*Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God.*" What followed can best be described in his own words: "Immediately I received strength to believe, and the full beams of the Sun of righteousness shone upon me. I saw the sufficiency of the atonement he had made, my pardon sealed in his blood, and all the fullness and completeness of his justification. In a moment I believed and received the Gospel. Unless the Almighty arm had been under me, I think I should have died with gratitude and joy." The next eight or ten years that succeeded must be regarded as the moral oasis of his life. He was settled in Olney, cared for by a widowed friend, Mrs. Unwin, and enjoying the pastorate and special friendship of the celebrated John Newton. Here he was active in visiting the abodes of sickness and distress, and even went so far as to take an active part in the social meetings—sometimes taking the lead of them. It was during this period that the Olney Hymns—the joint production of Cowper and Mr. Newton—were composed.

In 1773 the intellect which had emitted such clear and beautiful light was again clouded. The development of its malady was at first in simple forms. He would refuse to enter the house of Mr. Newton at one time; then, having been persuaded to go there, it was found impossible to get

him away. The counsel and aid of Dr. Cotton were again invoked, but without effecting any permanent good. In a letter to his cousin, Lady Hesketh, he gives the following account of this second attack of his malady: "Know, then, that in the year 1773 the same scene that was acted at St. Albans, opened upon me again at Olney, only covered with a still deeper shade of melancholy, and ordained to be of much longer duration. I was suddenly reduced from my wonted rate of understanding to an almost childish imbecility. I did not, indeed, lose my senses, but I lost the power to exercise them. I could return a rational answer even to a difficult question; but a question was necessary, or I never spoke at all. This state of mind was accompanied, as I suppose it to be in most instances of the kind, with misapprehensions of things and persons, that made me a very untractable patient. I believed that every body hated me, and that Mrs. Unwin hated me most of all—was convinced that all my food was poisoned, together with ten thousand other megrims of the same stamp. Dr. Cotton was consulted. He replied that he could do no more for me than might be done at Olney, but recommended particular vigilance lest I should attempt my life—a caution for which there was the greatest occasion. At the same time that I was convinced of Mrs. Unwin's aversion to me, I could endure no other companion. The whole management of me consequently devolved upon her, and a terrible task she had." With little abatement, and few really lucid moments, this second attack continued to the close of his life—a period of nearly thirty years.

Mr. Newton, in 1779, was removed from Olney to London. The mutual attachment that had sprung up between them continued to the close. On the subject of his melancholy, Cowper made no reserve in his letters to the few friends with whom he corresponded. We make a few extracts, as they no doubt truly portray the state of the poet's mind:

"November 14, 1779.—My mind has always a melancholy cast, and is like some pools I have seen, which, though filled with a black and putrid water, will, nevertheless, in a bright day reflect the sunbeams from their surface."

"March 15, 1784.—Indeed, my friend, I am a man of very little conversation upon any subject. From that of despair I abstain as much as possible, for the sake of my company; but I will venture to say that it is never out of my mind one minute in the whole day."

"May 20, 1786.—Adam's approach to the tree of life, after he had sinned, was not more effectually prohibited by the flaming sword that turned every way, than mine to its great Antitype has

been almost these thirteen years. . . . For what reason it is that I am thus long excluded, if I am ever again to be admitted, is known to God only. I can say but this—that if he is still my Father, this paternal severity has toward me been such as that I have reason to account it unexampled. For though others have suffered desertion, yet few, I believe, for so long a time; and perhaps none a desertion accompanied with such experiences. But they have this belonging to them—that, as they are not fit for recital, being made up merely of infernal ingredients, so neither are they susceptible of it; for I know no language in which they could be expressed. They are as truly things which it is not possible for man to utter as those were which Paul heard and saw in the third heaven. If the ladder of Christian experience reaches, as I suppose it does, to the very presence of God, it has nevertheless its foot in the abyss. And if Paul stood, as no doubt he did, in that experience of his to which I have just alluded, on the topmost round of it, I have been standing, and still stand, on the lowest, in this thirteenth year that has passed since I descended."

"*August 5, 1786.*—The dealings of God with me are to myself utterly unintelligible. . . . More than a twelvemonth has passed since I began to hope that, having walked the whole breadth of the bottom of this Red Sea, I was beginning to climb the opposite shore, and I prepared to sing the song of Moses. But I have been disappointed; those hopes have been blasted; those comforts have been wrested from me. I could not be so duped, even by the archenemy himself, as to be made to question the Divine nature of them; but I have been made to believe—which you will say is being duped still more—that God gave them to me in derision, and took them away in vengeance."

"*November 11, 1792.*—The future appears gloomy as ever; and I seem to myself to be scrambling always in the dark, among rocks and precipices, without a guide, but with an enemy ever at my heels, prepared to push me headlong. Thus I have spent these twenty years."

"*June 12, 1793.*—As to myself, I have always the same song to sing—Well in body, but sick in spirit; sick, nigh unto death.

Seasons return, but not to me returns
God, or the sweet approach of heavenly day,
Or sight of cheering truth, or pardon sealed,
Or joy, or hope, or Jesus' face divine;
But cloud, etc.

I could easily set my complaint to Milton's tune, and accompany him through the whole passage, on the subject of a blindness more deplorable than his; but time fails me."

We have referred to Mr. Cowper's part in the composition of the Olney Hymns; yet it was not till after Mr. Newton's removal, and when the poor sufferer had already reached his half century and his mind had become almost hopelessly clouded with gloom, that those poems were produced, which have placed the name of Cowper foremost among those who have pleased, instructed, and blessed the world. The Olney Hymns may be forgotten; but those melodies that were chimed forth from the gloomy caverns of a heart filled with despair, will never die away. Strange that a mind so shattered and diseased should have sent forth such sweet and beautiful melodies! Stranger still that a mind in the agony of despair should have given birth to those amusing compositions that have placed Cowper among the very first of humorous poets! The strangeness of this was felt by himself, for in a letter to Mr. Newton, dated July 12, 1780, he says: "I wonder that a sportive thought should ever knock at the door of my intellect, and still more that it should gain admittance. It is as if harlequin should intrude himself into the gloomy chamber where a corpse is deposited in state. His antic gesticulations would be unseasonable at any rate; but more especially if they should distort the features of the mournful attendants into laughter."

It was about this time that he composed that celebrated poem, so familiar to every school-boy, "Report of an Adjudged Case, not to be found in any of the Books." It is a suit between the Nose and the Eyes about the ownership of the spectacles. The Tongue is the lawyer, who advocates both sides; the Ear, the judge. The case is argued and the decision given in favor of the Nose. Mrs. Unwin finding that these were moments of relief, when he was engaged in poetic composition, encouraged his efforts and stimulated him to undertake larger poems. He fully appreciated the designs of his best earthly friend, and says to Mr. Newton: "At this season of the year, and in this gloomy climate, it is no easy matter to the owner of a mind like mine, to divert it from sad subjects, and fix it upon such as may administer to its amusement. Poetry, above all things, is useful to me in this respect. While I am held in pursuit of pretty images, or a pretty way of expressing them, I forget every thing that is irksome, and, like a boy that plays truant, determine to avail myself of the present opportunity to be amused, and to put by the disagreeable recollection that I must, after all, go home and be whipped again." Under these influences he wrote the poems entitled, Truth, Table-Talk, Expostulation, Progress of Error, Hope, Charity, Conversation, Retirement, and several smaller

poems. These were gathered and published in a volume in 1781. They were received with marked favor. But he had not yet touched the richest vein of his genius, nor attained the highest point of achievement.

About this time Cowper formed the acquaintance of Lady Austen, the widow of an English baronet. He describes her in one of his letters as "a lively, agreeable woman, who has seen much of the world, and accounts it a great simpleton—as it is. She laughs and makes laugh, and keeps up a conversation without seeming to labor at it." In another letter referring to the influence of Mrs. Austen he says: "A person who has seen much of the world and understands it well has high spirits, a lively fancy, and great readiness of conversation, introduces a sprightliness into such a scene as this, which, if it was peaceful before, is not the worse for being a little enlivened." Southey says that "Lady Austen's conversation had as happy an effect upon the melancholy spirit of Cowper as the harp of David upon Saul. Whenever the cloud seemed to be coming over him, her sprightly powers were exerted to dispel it." One afternoon she told him the tale of John Gilpin, which she had heard in her childhood. The story took hold of his gloomy mind amazingly. Again and again he burst forth into immoderate fits of laughter, and the next morning told her that, being unable to sleep during the night, he had turned it into a ballad. No sooner was it published than it became famous all over the land. Who is there that has not read it and laughed over it? But it is a sad commentary upon this to hear the melancholy poet say: "I am compelled to the arduous task of being merry by force. And the most ludicrous lines I ever wrote were written in my saddest mood."

Lady Austen urged Cowper to try his hand at blank verse. He complained that he had no theme. "You can write upon any theme," said she. "Write upon the sofa." The fancy struck him. What was designed simply for a fugitive production grew upon the poet's hands till "The Task"—the noblest monument of his genius—stood forth complete. The second volume of his poems was issued in 1785. "The Task" and "John Gilpin"—independently of the other pieces of merit in it—obtained for it universal favor. The "Tirocinium, or a Review of Schools"—a poem abounding in striking thoughts and imagery—also appeared in this volume. In it the author avenges his early trials and sufferings in public schools by pleading for private tuition in place of education at school.

Having learned how necessary it was for him to be engaged in poetic composition, Mr. Cowper

now set himself about the translation of Homer, which was published in 1791. He also translated the poems of Madame Guyon from the French. Subsequently he edited a new and splendid edition of Milton, correcting the text, supplying notes, and translating the Latin and Italian poems.

Some relief from his fearful malady was experienced during the seven years that preceded 1794, then it returned upon him with its full and fearful force. In his former attacks the idea prevailed that God had required self-sacrifice of him, and that, failing to make it when he had the power, he had been condemned soul and body forever. He lived in momentary expectation of being smitten instantly with the curse of God. In his latest attack he would sit silent, gloomy, and despairing. His dearest friends were not recognized. The announcement of a pension from the king had no effect upon him.

In 1796 his "faithful Mary," Mrs. Unwin, who had watched over him with a mother's tenderness for many years, died. With unsurpassed tenderness and delicacy the poet had expressed his desire to celebrate in fitting verse her worth, yet thus checks himself:

"But thou hast little need. There is a book
By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,
A chronicle of actions just and bright;
There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine,
And, since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine."

His friends were apprehensive that the death of one whose life he had so long considered essential to his own, would prove too severe a shock to his shattered nerves. But it is mercifully ordained that, while declining years weaken the force necessary to enable us to bear up under trials, they in a corresponding degree diminish the keenness of our sensibility to suffering and sorrow. When led in by his friend to look at the composed corpse of one who had so long acted the part of mother to him, he looked at it a few minutes, then started back with a vehement but unfinished exclamation of anguish. From that moment he seemed to have lost all memory of her; he never asked a question about her funeral, in fact, never after mentioned her name, or made the slightest allusion to her.

The last original poem of Cowper was *The Castaway*, founded on an anecdote in Anson's voyage. It was composed on the 20th of March, 1799. Its last stanza relates to his own desolate and despairing condition.

"No voice divine the storm allayed,
No light propitious shone,
When, snatch'd from all effectual aid,

We perished each alone.
But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelm'd in deeper gulfs than he."

In the fall or winter of this year dropsy intervened with the other maladies of Cowper, and hastened his demise, which took place April 25, 1800. The closing scene is thus described by Mr. Johnson, his relative and friend: "At five in the morning a deadly change in his features was observed to take place. He remained in an insensible state from that time till about five minutes before five in the afternoon, when he ceased to breathe. And in so mild and gentle a manner did his spirit take its flight that, though the writer of this memoir, his medical attendant, Mr. Woods, and three other persons were standing at the foot and side of the bed with their eyes fixed upon his dying countenance, the precise moment of his departure was unobserved by any." As life ebbed away the expression of agony and despair upon his countenance gave way to one of "calmness and composure, mingled, as it were, with holy surprise." And his kinsman suggests that this may have been an index of the last thoughts and enjoyments of his soul as it gradually emerged from the depths of its despondency into the serene and glorious light just then breaking upon its vision. We may well hope that such was the case, nor have we reason to doubt it. But it is still painfully certain that, so long as the gifted but unhappy poet was able to hold intelligent connection with earth, darkness and despair were round about him.

Of the facts that relate to Cowper's mental disease, the Journal of Insanity well says: "In no other instance within our knowledge has the life-long history of a diseased mind been so minutely, so graphically, so powerfully told as was this of Cowper's in his admirable narrative and imitable letters. When to this we add the fact—a fact inexplicable and even perplexing whenever met with—that a delusion so entire and distressing could take and keep possession of an intellect in other respects remarkably bright, and sportive, and clear, when we consider his high reputation as a writer both of prose and verse, his manly, English common-sense, the purity and excellency of his character, the tenderness of his spirit, and the sweetness of his affections—qualities which attracted to him in his hermitage so many living friends, and which have endeared his name and memory to uncounted thousands who have known him only through his writings—we have, perhaps, suggested a sufficient justification for the length and minuteness of our narrative.

"But there are other considerations which

give interest to the insanity of Cowper. Biographers and critics have discussed, with wide diversity of opinion, its character and causes. The melancholy which ushered in his first attack assumed a religious form. From that attack he passed into a state of high religious enjoyment, which continued for several years without a cloud, and then he became the victim of religious doubts, or rather of a settled conviction that he was rejected of God. At St. Albans, under the guidance of Dr. Cotton, and afterward under that of Mr. Newton, he adopted and ever after firmly held the Calvinistic faith. That this faith gave shape and color to the imaginations which haunted him in later years is more than probable. But there is not the slightest reason for supposing that his insanity, as some have intimated, was due to any such cause. We have seen that predisposing tendencies to mental disease appeared even in his childhood, and we know under what circumstances of anxiety and apprehension those tendencies were at length developed into madness. Had the affair of the clerkship never occurred, Cowper might never have become insane. But the probabilities are otherwise. Some other trouble—some other excitement—was sure to come, and there, in his brain or blood, ever ready to quicken, were the seeds of disease."

Much as has been said about the insanity of Cowper, it is by no means an uncommon case. Genius and insanity are not remotely related. De Quincy, referring to his childhood—a period that antedated the sad experiences of the "opium eater"—speaks of himself even then as being "gloomy by temperament and through natural dedication to despondency." The case of Dr. Samuel Johnson must be familiar to our readers. Macaulay calls him "an incurable hypochondriac." He says: "His grimaces, his gestures, his mutterings sometimes diverted and sometimes terrified people who did not know him. . . . Under the influence of his disease his senses became morbidly torpid, and his imagination morbidly active. At one time he would stand poring on a town-clock without being able to tell the hour. At another he would distinctly hear his mother, who was many miles off, calling him by his name. But this was not the worst. A deep melancholy took possession of him, and gave a dark tinge to all his views of human nature and human destiny. Such wretchedness as he endured has driven many men to shoot themselves or drown themselves. But he was under no temptation to commit suicide. He was sick of life, but he was afraid to die, and he shuddered at every sight or sound which reminded him of the inevitable hour. In religion he found but little comfort during his long and

frequent fits of dejection, for his religion partook of his own character. The light from heaven shone on him, indeed, but not in a direct line, or with its own pure splendor. The rays had to struggle through a disturbing medium; they reached him refracted, dulled, and discolored by the thick gloom which had settled on his soul, and, though they might be sufficiently clear to guide him, were too dim to cheer him." Byron describes Rousseau as

"A tree
On fire with lightning, with ethereal flames
Kindled and blasted."

And was not Byron blasted by the same flame? Those "silent rages," as he calls them, experienced even in his childhood, indicate a temperament volcanic in the elements of its composition. The morbid asceticism which threw a gloom over the last days of the "divine Pascal" was but the diseased development of constitutional tendencies in his constitution from boyhood. While Italy was ringing with praises of Gerusalemme Liberata, its author was perishing in misery and despair; but amid all his mental and bodily sufferings, and, stranger still, amid the madness that shut him up as a lunatic, the powers of Tasso remained unbroken, and his genius unimpaired. In fact, from Socrates down to the present hour the most gifted intellects have often been subject to strange and unaccountable idiosyncrasies. But these peculiarities are not without their use. But for his wrongs and his sorrows Tasso had never sung so sweetly. And thus, to the fearful discipline through which Cowper passed in long years of darkness and despair, may be traced the depth, and tone, and power of many of his most seraphic melodies. "It might have been anticipated," says Mr. Grimshawe, "that the morbid temperament of Cowper would either have unfitted him for intellectual exertion or that his productions would have been tinged with all the colors of a distempered mind; but such was not the case. Whether he composed in prose or poetry, the effect upon his mind seems to have been similar to the influence of the harp of David over the spirit of Saul. The inward struggles of the soul yielded to the magic power of song, and the inimitable letter-writer forgot his sorrows in the sallies of his own sportive imagination."

But the case of Cowper presents us another problem for solution. It relates to religious experience. That solution has been attempted by Dr. Cheever and others. As our space will not allow its full discussion, we close with a condensed presentation of the case, which will throw, perhaps, as much light on the subject as it is susceptible of. The cardinal graces in the Chris-

tian character are "faith, hope, charity—these three." Faith unites to Christ, and is the root of personal religion. Love is the grand fruit of faith, for faith "worketh by love." But what of hope? That also is the fruit of faith. But what is its special office? To produce comfort, as we think. It is the "anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast;" *sure* in its anchorage, and *steadfast*—that is, steady in its influence. Now, as the physical life may be maintained in the absence of physical comfort, so may the spiritual life in the absence of spiritual comfort. A man, that is, may have the faith that unites him to Christ, and the love that attests his faith, while yet the cheering operations of hope are suspended. Thus it was with Cowper. Amid all his despondency he ever held, with Paul, that in the matter of a sinner's acceptance with God, "other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ." While, too, hope was withered in his bosom, he brought forth in rich abundance the fruits of Christian love, of a conscientious and benevolent practical piety. His religion thus survived his hope and saved him while it did not comfort. Hope was divorced from his heart, and yet that heart still beat with the throbings of a Christian charity. We infer that while it is highly desirable that holiness and happiness should be found together in the bosom of the good man, yet we must look for the evidences of a personal piety in the former rather than in the latter—a weighty lesson, surely, both in its aspect upon the business of self-examination and in its influence upon our judgment of others, and especially upon our treatment of cases of religious despondency. It is delightful to remark that Cowper's despondency, incurable as it at last became, was never tainted with the malignancy of despair, such as may characterize the experience of the unrepentant sinner in his anguish. It is very wonderful that, assured as he was that he was an outcast from the favor of God, he still admired his character, bowed to his will, and sought to please him. "Though he slay me," though he thrust me away forever, still he shall have my whole heart; such was the sentiment of his inmost spirit. So he writes to John Newton: "I can say it as truly as it was ever spoken—Here I am, let him do with me as seemeth him good." So toward his fellow-men and fellow-Christians. Heaven was not for him, and yet he would as much strive to do good as though for him were reserved its highest rewards. How unlike the selfishness common to fallen humanity was this! How like the conduct of Him who blessed others, when himself was made a curse, and who, when forsaken of his father, still cried out, "*My God! my God!*" His life

was a vivid exhibition of the force of holy love, and its benign effects under the most depressing circumstances.

On the whole, we see how Cowper's upward path lay, almost all along, by the valley of "the shadow of death." His Lord was with him, but he saw him not. When passing through the river over which there is no bridge, his hand upheld him, but he perceived it not. Its dark waves went over him, and he deemed that he was swept away forever. But though in that mysterious moment it was as if heaven and hell met in his experience, yet here they parted. Hell was left behind. Heaven opened beyond the distant shore. He dwells among those of whom it is written: "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them into living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

METAMORPHOSES OF WORDS.

BY PROF. W. D. GODMAN.

"UNITY in diversity, the first law of nature." How to question it we find not. Its traces are in all the phenomenal world. If we endeavor to say what is the appointed task of the human intellect, what preëminently the final cause of the possession of intelligence, we may think long before we find any thing more worthy of the distinction than that assumed by the old philosophers—"to find the one in the many, and the many in the one." The ability to do this is man's distinguishing endowment. Man thinks. Other animals can not think. They observe and remember, and, after a manner, infer. They have particulars in view, individualities of perception, and pass from one to the other on an easy path that may be indicated by a straight line. But man combines particulars of a thousand varieties under a common conception and a pervading law; learns how to classify and to predict; in short, he thinks. He is the only animal capable of saying "*cogito, ergo sum.*" Thinking, then—the first duty of intelligent beings—is the verification of the law of unity in diversity—the reading and writing its record from the monuments of Nature.

But there are diverse paths by which the intellect proceeds toward its end. The philosopher out of diversity seeks unity. Beginning with various facts, unlike save in their reference to a common subject-matter, his aim is to find a law that comprises them all, and by including accounts for them. The artist, on the other hand, must have grasped the principle of unity, the law, the ensouling idea, before he can become an artist.

Whether he has made this attainment by induction, or by some more occult mental process, matters not. He must have the idea to be embodied, the unit to be diversified, before he can enter the artist's sphere. Thereafter his procedure is to find forms, features, postures, expressions, relations, colors, shades adapted to the revelation of the inner principle. So the one becomes many—the thought, the law takes on its outward variety.

Of this truth there is a ready apprehension in the human mind, the more so, doubtless, since, itself belonging to the sphere of nature, it furnishes in its own development manifold and marvelous instances of the working of the law. Itself varying as the hues of morning, or as the garb of the seasons, shall it not spontaneously seize the all-pervading law of change and identity?

The truth is, not only do we in early life discover the presence of this law, but we take pleasure in observing its outworking. We not only flow with the flux of all things, but we delight in tracing it backward, following one current to its confluence with another, and taking into the stream of our own individual life the pulse that beats in every other. Hence our fondness for the study of natural science and of history.

Mythology entertains the imagination and the sense of wonder with the metamorphoses of mythical beings, the stories "of forms to other bodies changed"—changes as lawless as the beings are fictitious. Natural history astonishes the inquisitive mind with transformations of really-existent beings—transformations within the domain of law and circumscribed by a determinate necessity, yet sufficiently various and mysterious to furnish a lively aliment to the most thoroughly-disciplined imagination. Comparative philology, too, and science of language chiefly in its etymological aspects, has its share of wonders in the *transformations of words* as they pass along the current of history and diffuse themselves through different nationalities.

There is shown to be a life in words, as truly as in the products of the soil or the forms of the animal kingdom. That life, too, like all other, is under the sway of law, and has its metes and bounds which it can not pass, though the necessities that govern it are in great part occult, like those of the winds and tides. If a man has a fine form or a beauteous countenance, it is sometimes ironically said, "he can't help it"—"he's not to blame"—signifying there is a physical necessity for it. In like manner a word is composed of certain sounds and has a certain force and character by a physical necessity, and there is no helping it. A word, though it is but mod-

ified, articulate breath, has its sure dependencies on the diversified peculiarities of human structure, on climate and soil as affecting the physical and mental man, on all the unnumbered conditions that go to make up what is called the education of men. Could we but suppose ourselves endowed with complete knowledge of man and nature, an exhaustive acquaintance with all structure and all functions, we should probably recognize among our knowledge the reason and cause of the existence of every word and its modifications. There is a physical reason; that is, a reason in nature—a cause—for the differences, *horse* and *hoss*, *man* and *mann*, *oikos*, *domus* and *house*. There is a history and a science at the bottom of every word, or class of words, and of every transformation undergone by the members of this airy realm.

Now, what if we should venture a little excursion into word-land? Shall we be met with the favorite scandal, “it’s scholastic,” “it’s bookish,” “it has a musty smell, as of old leather, and dusty corners?” There are some very wise people who almost “dissolve this earthly tabernacle” in ecstasies over the evolutions of a silk-worm’s life and the odd mutations of the duck-barnacle, who can not tolerate the odor of the history and analysis of the words they employ daily. *Quousque tandem patientia nostra abutere?* For such we are not now writing.

“They say so,” is homespun English. “One says,” or “one may say,” will be recognized as a less frequent but actual form of the like thought. The German says, “man sagt;” the Frenchman says, “on dit.” Now, are “one,” “man,” and “on” the same word, denoting the same thing, and merely modified by time and the use of different peoples? Perhaps all readily discern the identity of “one” and the French “on,” but there may be hesitation over the German, “man.” But the identity of the three forms is indubitable on three grounds: 1. The significance of the sentences is precisely equivalent; 2. The verb is in each of the same number; 3. The form of the words is identical with the slightest variations. The final *e* in “one” presents no difference from the French “on,” save in quantity. The initial *m* in the German, *man*, is but an amplification such as words frequently receive in different dialects of the same tongue, or even in different case-forms and gender-forms of the same dialect. The first of the cardinal numerals with our Saxon forefathers was “an,” and it was the Norman element that made it “one,” in English. We find the initial *m* in the feminine of the corresponding Greek numeral *eis*, *mia*, and the Greek is a cognate language. Our word “none” is made up of “no-one.” This, in Saxon, was

“nan,” that is, “ne-an.” Now, the corresponding German is “nie-mand,” where the *man* is still further lengthened and is evidently equivalent to our “one.” Compare, also, the Latin *nemo*, none—Gen. *ne-min-is*. If any further evidence of the identity of “one” and “man” is required, it may be found in a rare form in our early English, which is indisputably identical in sense with the French “on,” yet has the initial *m*.

Layamon’s “Brut” is earlier than Chaucer, and marks the period of transition from the separate, isolated Saxon and Norman to the amalgamated English. The following not very poetical passage occurs in it:

“And wha swa mihte iwenne
Wurhscipe of his gourene,
Hine me ladde mid songe
Atforen than leod king.”

ELLIS'S SPECIMENS, Vol. I.

Perhaps it needs translation, or rather transformation:

And whoso might win
Worship of his game,
Him they—one—led with song
Afore the people's king.

Take another example, from Robert of Gloucester, a century later than Layamon and still before Chaucer:

“ME ne may not all tell here, ac whoso it will y-write,
In romance of him y-made ME it may find y-write.”

“One,” or “they,” is the only possible rendering for this *me*, which is used precisely like the French “on,” and the German “man.” Taking the order of the history of our own language, we find the three forms successively—“an” in the Saxon, *me* in the mongrel Norman-Saxon, and “one” in the pure English.

But a further question: What is *many* but *man-y*? And what is *any* but *an-y*? Are they then the same word, clipped in the one instance or amplified in the other? To glance at their cognates is but to answer in the affirmative.

“Any” is, in Saxon, *an-ig* or *aen-ig*; in Dutch, *een-ig*; in German, *ein-ig*—Cf. Greek *enios*, some.

“Many” is, in Saxon, *man-eg*, *maen-eg*, *menig*; in Dutch, *men-ig*; in German, *man-cher*, *man-ich-er*; in Danish, *man-ge*, *man-ig-e*; in Swedish, *man-ge*, *man-ig-e*.

The termination *ig*, *eg*, *ich*, *y*, seems to have signified *repetition*, a meaning which includes all the secondary ones appropriate to it. By this affix “an” and “man” were made to denote *plurality*; usage then assigned to each a peculiar sphere. “Any” signified plurality, as *wholly indefinite*; “many,” plurality, as *multitude*, and still indefinite. Compare Germ. *mangel*—multitude.

But words are often unmindful of their origin, and having passed into new spheres no longer recognize their former selves. In their travels over the world's tongue they not seldom meet—separate incarnations, as they are, of the same individual vitality—derived forms of one original thought—affinities spring up and unions lasting as life result, without a question about origin, or a lifting of the mask on either side. There is the old doublet "manyon," and the still flourishing triplet, "many-a-one," or "many-an-one"—two, three distinct metamorphoses of the same word-being, joining hands by virtue of an itinerant necessity of language, and bound up permanently with the history of a people.

THIS, TOO, MUST PASS AWAY.

BY MRS. E. CLEMENTINE HOWARTH.

"And so the old Baron gave a grand banquet, and in the midst of the festivities he requested the seer to write some inscription on the wall in memory of the occasion. The seer wrote: 'This, too, must pass away.'"
—OLD STORY.

ONCE in a banquet hall,
'Mid mirth and music, wine and garlands gay,
These words were written on the garnished wall,
"This, too, must pass away."
And eyes that sparkled when the wine was poured,
'Mid song, and jest, and merry minstrel lay,
Turned sad and thoughtful from the festive board,
To read, 'mid pendant, banner, lyre, and sword,
"This, too, must pass away."

And where are they to-night,
The gay retainers of that festive hall?
Like blooming rose, like waxen taper's light,
They have departed; all—
Long since the banners crumbled into dust,
The proud Corinthian pillars met decay,
The lyre was broken and the sword is rust,
And kingly bards who sang of love and trust,
They too, have passed away.

Yet Genius seeks the crown,
And Art builds stately homes for wealth and pride,
And Love beside the household shrine kneels down,
And dust is deified.
Yet midst our loves, ambitions, pleasures, all,
The spirit struggles ever with the clay;
On every ear a warning voice will fall—
Each eye beholds the writing on the wall,
"This, too, must pass away."

IMMORTALITY.

A VOICE within us speaks that startling word—
"Man, thou shalt never die!" celestial voices
Hymn it to our souls; according harps,
By angel fingers touched, do sound forth still
The song of our great immortality.

DOWN BY THE SEA.

BY MERIBA A. BABCOCK.

Down by the sea, to escape the "dull weather,"
Poor martyrs to fashion are crowding together,
Hearts, heavy as lead; and heads, light as a feather.

Ah, me!

What dresses, what laces, what forms, and what faces,
Whereon are no traces of grief that lies deep
As the sea!

Down by the sea-side gay people are thronging,
Discarding home-comforts for which they're all longing,
To live in their trunks—which a score are near pawning
For debt.

What flattering, lying, what simpering, sighing,
What envying, vieing, what selling and buying
Of hearts that for long years have been marked
"To let!"

Down by the sea-side, where diamonds are gleaming,
Where ribbons and ringlets in union are streaming,
Where smiles most bewitching and bright eyes are
beaming

On all,

What whispers, what glances, what day-dreams, what
fancies,
What life-like romances, what freedom,
What thrall!

Down by the sea, where all ages and station
To Terpsichore bow in profound adoration,
Where swift-flying feet seek no other foundation
Than air,

What graceful confusion, what charming delusion,
What studied seclusion of true thoughts
Are there!

Down by the sea-side, where dash the wild billows,
Where wave after wave makes the mermaid's white pil-
lows,

Where tall masts bow low as the boughs of the willows
When old Neptune raves,
What strange spell comes o'er us, an ocean before us,
Its music a chorus—a wild, broken chorus
Of those who are sleeping beneath
Its cold waves!

O, down by the sea-side—far out on the ocean,
By life's fitful sea-side, where fearful commotion
Is wrought on its surface—go, lover of pleasure,

And laugh at the storm;
Thy frail bark is sinking, and thou, all unthinking,
Wilt find thyself shrinking when cold the rough waves
Shall close over thy form.

BEYOND.

Beyond the dark valley and shadow of death,
Beyond the faint pulse and the fast-failing breath,
Beyond the cold wave where the earth-tie is riven,
Is a bright, sunny home, 'mid the highlands of heaven.

There the eye grows not dim with sorrowful tears,
The heart is not heavy with trouble and fears;
Cares are not known in that world so fair—
When the day is done, shall we meet thee there? B. C.

"DOWN HILL."

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"IS this the place?"

I was sorry the next moment that the little emphasis which lingered on the second word of my question had betrayed me, for I saw my husband's face cloud over in a moment.

"Yes, Marion, this is the place. It is n't elegant, or stately, I know; but it's cozy and cheerful."

So it was; I could n't deny *that*, as Harry lifted me from the gig, and set me down on the grass before the front gate of the cottage, which was to be our home. It was a white house, with long windows and green blinds; and there was a honey-suckle clambering up the slender pillars of the portico, and its golden bells were like censers, filling the June air with sweet incense. There was a small lawn in front. I fancied that moss-roses and climbing vines would make a picture or a poem of the little yard; but still when I went up to the house, it was with a very heavy heart, and a great tide of tears, which kept sending up little bitter salt-currents to my eyes. I drew my veil over my face, so that Harry should n't see them; but it was no use, for he divined the truth. The solitary servant, which our limited means would now permit to our household, met us at the door. She had the genuine Hibernian physiognomy, with all the obtuseness and awkwardness which usually accompany it, before it has received a little Anglo-Saxon modification and cultivation.

She ushered "the docther and his lady" into the parlor. How very small it seemed, and yet it was pretty, with the sunset freckling the white paper-hangings, with the snowy curtains, and the pretty Brussels carpet with its dark-green ground and its russet leaves.

There was a pretty cottage piano, and the chairs, and the pictures, and the ornaments on the mantle had all familiar faces for me.

After all, I liked the little house, with its tiny sitting-room, and kitchen, and its small chambers, and part of the cloud cleared up from Harry's face as I said, with a laugh, "It's such a cunning little nest, I do believe we can be happy here, after all; when we've learned to manage so that we can turn round without unpleasant collision on either side."

"O, Marion, that was your old laugh," he said, "and it's sweeter to hear once more than even the song of the birds in the apple-trees round here will be. I know it's a small nest, unlike, as is possible, the gilded cage where I found you."

I think it was unfortunate that Harry added

that last sentence. My thoughts went back, like a flock of startled birds, to the old home, and to all the great, terrible changes of the last six months—dear papa's death following my marriage life of a month, and the knowledge which came fast on this that his liabilities and the dishonesty of his partner had swallowed up his entire property.

I remembered my childhood—rocked in tenderness and luxury—my youth, so bright, and sheltered from all thought of care; and then the thought of that palace home on Fifth Avenue, with all the grace and glitter of our life, with our handsome equipage, and hosts of servants—all that old, rich, luxuriant life came back to me and stood up in contrast with the present, and the future looked so strange, and bare, and cold to me, as I thought of the new, heavy responsibilities which had suddenly fallen on my life, and I sank into a chair. "O, Harry, what will become of us!" and the tears and the sobs came together. I had meant to be brave, and patient; to look this great change of fortune in the face with a strong heart and a resolute will, but it was harder than I expected; and though Harry had praised me very often, and said he would n't have believed that I could have borne these terrible reverses so bravely, still, it seemed now that all my fortitude had given way. But my husband's patience and tenderness did not fail. He laid my head on his shoulder, and stroked its curls, and said, "Come now, darling, you've borne your translation so well that you must n't break down now; I can endure all the rest, but I can't see the bright face of my Marion changed and saddened before me."

"But, Harry, only to think we are *poor* folks now!" It was very weak, but I could not help it then.

"I know it, dear; *that* is a plain statement of facts. I've got to struggle up in the world, by the aid of a stout heart and a working brain, and you, you dear little sobbing bit of human porcelain, nursed in all luxury, surrounded by every splendor, and one year ago the petted heiress of a millionaire, will have to settle down in a little two-story cottage in the country, with a young physician, whose salary the first year won't be a dollar over a thousand." I sobbed harder than ever. "O, Harry, what will become of us! I do believe you're making fun of our troubles. Could any thing be more terrible?" for I knew very well the light tones only concealed something deeper and heavier in the heart of Harry Raymond.

"I think there might, Marion. Something, I honestly believe, might have happened to you, which would have been a heavier blow to you than the loss of your fortune, your city home,

and your position there: I believe the blow would have been heavier to you, or you would never, against the advice of all your friends, accepted a poor physician, who had nothing but his true heart to offer you, when you might have married the proudest and richest man in the land."

While Harry was talking, the tears stood still on my cheeks. "Well, tell me, Harry, what this heavier blow would have been," I said, with a vague, dim feeling after his meaning.

"It would have been the loss of *me*, darling. You'd sooner let all the rest go, would n't you, bad a fellow as I am?" and he looked in my face with his brown eyes for my answer, as though he would read it there, instead of hear my lips speak it.

And a sudden rush of tenderness drove, for the moment, all sorrow from my heart. I put my fingers through the beautiful brown curls—"O, Harry," and I know that my heart and face confirmed it, "I would give up all the rest; wealth, position, luxury, for all my life, joyfully and cheerfully, *for you!*"

He drew me to his heart, and there came a little, sweet silence betwixt us. At last Harry spoke: "I knew it, Marion, my precious, precious wife. I knew that nothing the world could give you could buy that one true, little heart. O, they said, when the troubles came so fast on us, that you were a petted, spoiled child, that you would never endure to be the wife of a poor man, that you would sink into a miserable state of despondency and disgust; but I knew your brave soul, your loving heart better."

"Did they say *that?*" I said, springing up, and feeling the quick, indignant blushes going in and out of my cheeks; "I guess they'll find I'm made of better material than that, so long as I've got such a husband as Harry Raymond to live with; and that if I have gone 'down hill,' I'll stand at the foot of it, stout and brave."

"I have n't a doubt of it, Pussy. You look brave enough now to face an army. But there goes the tea bell. Can you get through it without a silver service, do you think?" removing my hat and shawl, while he spoke, and looking into my eyes with his roguish ones.

"I think I can stand it, as my appetite is in a state of clamorous activity after this ride of a hundred miles."

How pleasant the little table looked, with its white china and snowy napkins! There were some relics of our "better days" in the cake-basket and tea-urn, which Harry had saved for me; and the pile of snowy biscuit, and delicious cream and fruit, seemed just in keeping with the table appointments. I believe I never enjoyed a meal more in my life, than I did that first one in

our little cottage at Woodside; and as for Harry, the cloud had quite gone out of his face.

The days went away very quickly, and dawned into the glow and heat of July. On the whole, I was happy, though my new life brought me many cares, and it was hard getting over the old, indolent habits, and accustoming myself to the supervision of all my domestic affairs; for though Betty had strong hands and a willing heart enough, she had little brain to direct them, and I was obliged to supply this without the smallest culinary knowledge and experience. I found myself, very frequently, in domestic juxtaposition, and relations which would have been comical enough to an interested observer. Harry purchased a cow, as he is very fond of fresh cream and fruit, not doubting but Betty would be able to milk it; but that young woman was innocent of the smallest knowledge of the art.

Mine was confined to a few experiments which I made at a country farm-house, where papa sent me one summer in the early half of my teens, while I was convalescing from a severe fever. I remembered what fine sport I used to have with the dairy-maids, in the old farm-yard; but I had no idea my awkward and amusing attempts at milking would ever be of any practical service to me.

But at last I seized the pail in a kind of desperation, and started for the cow, who stood slowly winking her eyes, in patient submission, at the back gate. I approached her with some trepidation, but she met my advances with so quiet a manner, and so honest a physiognomy, that I was reassured, and after a few awkward experiments succeeded beyond my most sanguine expectations.

I was returning, pail in hand, when Harry, who had just come in, met me at the kitchen-door.

"Well done, Marion!" he said, while I laughed amid my blushes. "Of a surety, blue muslins are as becoming to you as satins and diamonds, for you never looked so sweet to me as you do at this moment, my little country exotic."

I did feel pardonably proud as I gave Harry a goblet of warm milk that night, and he protested that none had ever tasted so delicious in his life.

I was cutting up the peaches for tea that night, and humming scraps of old tunes to myself, and looking at the sunset clouds which lay above the western mountains in great crimson furrows, and pausing amid the humming and the glances to hearken for the quick, sharp ring of a footfall, that my heart would have told amid the passing of ten thousand. I was very happy that night.

There were no harrowing memories at work, and no regrets at my heart, as I stood before my little kitchen-table slicing the mellow fruit into the glass dish and thinking how Harry would enjoy it.

Suddenly our garden-gate opened. I looked up and saw the burly figure and broad chest of one of our neighbors, farmer Downs, coming in at the gate, and he hurried with his rapid, awkward stride up to the door. He was a kind-hearted man. I had learned that a generous and gentle spirit might underlie a harsh exterior and very uncultivated manner.

"*Miss Raymond,*" he began, in an agitated voice, "I hope you can stand some bad news."

The knife fell from my hands, as my heart seemed to drop into a stone. "O, what is it—has any thing happened to Harry?"

"Sit down—sit down a minute, *Miss Raymond,*" said farmer Downs, looking in my face and reading something there which made his own grow paler. But I waived off the strong man as though he were a child, in the sudden agony of that great fear which was suffocating my heart. "Tell me, what has happened to my husband!"

I think my wild eyes, my sharp, stern voice frightened the man, for he answered brief and rapid:

"You see, *Miss Raymond,* he was coming down Peak hill, when his horse took fright at a pile of lumber which lay in the road, and sprang on one side in such a quick fashion that she jerked the reins out o' his hands and run down hill to a pile o' stone, where she threw him. I happened to be cuttin' wood in the forest near by, and hearin' the noise I run out and found him."

"And—" I could not get out another word, but farmer Downs read the question in my wild, hungry eyes.

"I was afeared on 't at first, for he lay as still as the stones. But I had him in my cart and brought him over to the house, and mother's got some brandy down his throat, and he's opened his eyes once. He's in the Lord's hands, *Miss Raymond,* that's all we can say."

Farmer Downs was a man who, in his daily life, had the fear of God before his eyes, the love of God in his heart, and these last words of his were the simple outbreathing of that faith and trust which is above all the wisdom of this world, which anchors the soul firm and secure amid all the fever and the fret, the care and the storms of this life; and I think my heart unconsciously clung to these words of farmer Downs's speaking, as I rushed down the road the next moment, with feet that it seemed never touched the grass.

His house was not more than half a mile from ours. I rushed into the bedroom.

"O, Harry!"

My fear and anguish were translated in that cry. My husband lay on the bed, and his face was like the face of the dead. The small household was gathered round him, using every restorative in their power. My voice reached him, and he woke for a moment out of his insensibility, and a gleam of consciousness went over the white face.

"Marion!" he gasped, and tried to reach me with his hand.

"What can be done for you?"

"Send for a surgeon. I am hurt." And he was unconscious again.

But farmer Downs's practical sagacity had forestalled the request, and before I had time to learn this, his oldest son entered the house accompanied by the physician, whom he had found at his home, two miles distant.

I can not write of the half hour that followed, during which I waited with such agony for the surgeon's decision. The mothers who have hung over cradles where lay struck down and wilted the sweet, fragrant blossoms of their households, the wives who have watched through dreary nights and mocking days over the husband suddenly stricken in the midst of their strong, proud manhood, all loving eyes who have seen the lights grow fainter over the waters of life, will know somewhat of the agony of that half hour!

At last the surgeon's answer came.

"I do not think, Mrs. Raymond, your husband is dangerously injured. He has broken his left arm, and he has probably received some internal injury."

"Thank God!" O, I had never prayed this prayer with my heart before.

In a little while the surgeon had restored Harry to consciousness and adjusted the fractured arm. He was not able to converse much, but he knew me, and held my fingers in his own, during that long night in which I watched his bedside in farmer Downs's little room that looked off toward the sunrising.

Still, it was not an unhappy night to me; for there was a song of thanksgiving put in my heart, and my whole life stood up with a new meaning and purpose to me, for I realized now how little wealth or station, state or luxuries, were worth in comparison with that terrible loss, which had stood face to face with me for a moment, in order that I might learn how poor and paltry were all the treasures I had coveted, in comparison with that better treasure which God had given back to me!

At last the morning broke. Beautiful upon

the far-off mountains were its feet, walking through the white spectral mist, and flushing the earth with glory, and for the first time in my life the burning tide of song, which flooded the heart of David the poet, king of Israel, broke from my lips in his old chant: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork." That day Harry was conveyed home, and he was confined to his house for nearly three weeks; but we never think of those weeks as lost weeks; on the contrary, we think of them as especially sacred and beautiful in our lives—a time of precious seed-sowing, which we humbly hope will bring forth its seed for the harvest.

"Your face looks tired and worn, darling," exclaimed Harry as I went into his chamber one most serene Sabbath morning in the late August.

He was sitting by the window, and the song of the birds was very sweet in the two old pear-trees, through which came the bright, mutilated sunbeams.

"It does n't tell the truth, then, Harry, for I never felt better in my life. How good it does seem to have you up again!" locking my hands upon his shoulder.

He seized them both in his old fashion. "Little girl," he said, "you're the best nurse, the best wife in the world. I did n't know you were worth half so much when I married you."

"Well, every body thought I was worth half a million then."

"Half a million!" he said, opening and shutting his eyes with a pleasant smile loitering about his lips. "Half a million! how small it seems in comparison with what I have found she is worth—my wife, Marion Raymond!"

And those words, reader, were precious pearls, which my memory has strung, and my heart wears them like a necklace of jewels.

"How little it seems worth to me now, Harry—the old life, with its show and splendor, the stately house, the luxurious house, every thing that I delighted in then! I shall never have any more heart-burnings when I think of my fashionable acquaintances, and their condolences, and inward exultations, because I am 'down hill.' I would n't exchange my little cottage and the lessons it has taught me for the proud old home on Fifth Avenue."

Harry's eyes made answer better than his lips could. When he spoke again it was in a lighter tone.

"I do n't like to find the roses have grown a little pale in your cheeks, and know your care for me has blighted them."

"Well, then, a walk will bring them back, and

it's only a mile to the meeting-house on the hill; can you spare me for an hour and a half?"

After a pause—"No, but I can go with you."

"O, Harry, you're not able to endure the fatigue!" in a flutter of doubt and delight.

"Yes I am. This soft air will put fresh life into the most languid nerves, and it will be *sweet* to go together once more, Marion."

My tears—very sweet ones—only answered him.

The sweet voices of the Sabbath bells called through the still air as Harry and I went up to the worship of God together. I do not think we spoke to each other all the way; but God knew what the silence in my soul said to *Him*. I shall never forget that sermon. It seemed to me that God had put it into the heart of his minister to speak to me just the words that I needed, and I learned in that little country church on that still Sabbath morning something of what that prayer meant, which was the minister's text, "Thy will be done."

I saw, too, that great mercy had led me from the mountains into the valleys, and that my life would be stronger, and its womanhood purer and nobler because of the trials which had been appointed me. And as we came home together in the still, mellow Sabbath noon, I said to my husband, "How much blessed meaning there is in those words, 'It is good for us that we have been afflicted!'"

The beautiful brown eyes sought mine with a new tenderness. "And have you found, Marion, that the 'up hill' or the 'down hill' of life has more of true rest and enjoyment?"

My answer went up from my heart to my lips without hesitation or reservation, full, complete, emphatic, "*Down hill!*"

BLIND.

BY MAGGIE B. STEWART.

O BLINDED vision, confined to earth,
How narrow is its utmost range!
O fainting heart of mortal birth,
How oft God's providence seems strange!
How failing hopes and gloomy fears
Will crowd our weary, weary way!
We look thro' mists of blinding tears,
And catch no gleam of coming day.

And still oppressed by fear we go,
Asking of what the future brings;
Did not Doubt's vapors hang so low,
Our life would yield us richer things;
And patiently we'd work and wait,
With larger growth of mind and soul,
While Faith beyond heaven's crystal gate
Would see attained the blessed goal.

SUCCESSFUL MENTAL EFFORT.

BY MINERVA OSBORN.

THE first requisites to successful mental effort are energy and perseverance. Many seem to think that in the intellectual world genius is the only thing required for success. But if we could know the real life-history of all upon whom the world has conferred the title of genius—if we could know the workings of their minds, the struggles of their wills, no doubt it would be found that far too much credit is given to natural capacity, far too little to determined and persevering effort. Genius bestows the consciousness of power, but unless found in connection with energy, its possessor is only a dreamer. He lives on, day after day, his imagination busy with great projects which the setting sun never finds completed. Sir James Mackintosh was a man of great powers of mind, but a writer speaking of him says: "The result of his life disappointed his friends." Why? A desire for literary distinction was ever floating before his mind; he conceived splendid projects, but he lacked energy. His gifted wife, as long as she lived, incited him to a methodical application to literary pursuits. Perhaps if she had lived his brilliant plans might have been carried out. It is the worker—the man that uses his powers to their fullest extent, that makes his influence to be felt.

Procrastination has doubtless cheated the world of as much good as ever genius has bestowed upon it. "To-morrow, and to-morrow" has been the annihilation of many a noble work that *was to be*. Many seem to act upon the principle that the present moment is the most unfavorable time in which to do any thing, while, in truth, it is the best and only time.

Concentration of thought is necessary to successful mental exertion. Many devote twice the time they need to the accomplishment of any one thing for the want of the right kind of application. Has a person an essay to write or a problem to solve, he should not allow his mind to play indolently around it; but will should be taught to take the reign at once. Perhaps by turning the mind in the right direction, a moment of real thought will clear away the mists that hours of perplexing toil would not otherwise dispel. Let any one allow his thoughts always to run in the direction that fancy may dictate, and he will lose altogether the power of controlling it. If he endeavor to fix his mind on any subject a thousand nothings instantly press up for attention, and his thoughts scatter like ashes in the wind. But let him arouse his energies to the

conflict, resolved to make a determined effort, and he will find that the power of concentration can be cultivated to a surprising extent. No one knows the effort he is capable of making if he will persevere in subjecting his thoughts to the government of the will. The mind must move in one direction if it move with power. The waters of the Niagara, pressed together within the narrowing limits of the river banks, rush with almost inconceivable power over the precipice. Scatter them upon the broad surface of some plain, and they will be as calm and silent as the waters of the Dead Sea.

It is only by concentration that originality is gained. A person of a reading habit can not fail to have his memory stored with thoughts and forms of expression gathered from books. In expressing his thoughts on any subject these are ever ready to fall from his lips or pen. Close thinking will show him that they are not his own, and that in his production he has unconsciously adopted the style of another. Though this kind of mental effort may content those whose motive is only to fill up a paragraph or complete a sentence gracefully, it will not satisfy any who are seeking to bring out the capacities of their own minds. Memory is only a storehouse. If we draw from it too frequently, our productions will lack vigor and variety. But if they bear the marks of our having used reason, imagination, and taste, as well as memory, they can not but obtain favor and influence with the thinking world. This is true in every department of labor. No one can pursue a worthy object, with all the powers of his mind, and yet make his life a failure. A man may work in the dark, yet one day light shall arise upon his labor; and though he may never, with his own lips, declare the victory complete, some day others will behold in his life-work the traces of a great and thinking mind.

It is impossible to keep the mind successfully employed without a strong motive to prompt it to action. Probably no motive has ever moved with greater power upon the minds of men than ambition. A desire for distinction in some way is firmly fixed in our natures. This no doubt has given rise to the greater part of all the works of genius. Men spur their minds to action to escape oblivion. Inclination leads some to continued exertion. The aptitude they possess for any work is sufficient motive for them. It is their meat and drink to teach, write, paint, or do whatever nature teaches them to do. Necessity prompts many to action. He who acquaints himself with the history of great men finds that the number who have lived and died in want and poverty has been very great. The poet wrote—

the artist painted for bread; and some possessed of the most brilliant talents died from want. O, how sad such a record! Driven to torture their minds to the daily and nightly labor of invention amid the surroundings of a garret—such are the circumstances under which many of the works we now admire were planned and developed. Want was their origination. There is still a better and happier motive than these, which leads not only to the achievement of noble deeds, but which exerts upon its possessor a refining, exalting influence. It is that motive that leads men to labor for the cause of truth, the highest good of his fellow-men, and the honor and glory of his heavenly Father. The love of the truth makes him an earnest thinker, the desire for the welfare of men develops his best affections, while a regard for the honor of God rectifies and ennobles his conduct as a man. It is from the possessor of such a character that we expect the greatest results and the noblest heroism.

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"MINISTERING CHILDREN."

BY T. M. GRIFFITH.

A WORK with the above title has been read by thousands, young and old, with tearful eyes and hearts deeply moved. Unpretentious as it appears, it teems with wisdom, and piety, and beauty. We care not to inquire, with cold scrutiny, whether the work be "founded on facts" or not; it is founded upon *truth*, and is, therefore, both pleasing and instructive. It is useless to say of all such books, "They contain nothing but childish tales;" is there no truth to be found in bare sentiments and facts? The forms which people Imagination's airy realm are real creations, although their counterparts may not be found in the world of sense. There are portrayed the beauty of virtue and the deformity of vice in characters that live and breathe; these speak more effectually than tomes of unattractive sentiment. Why should not the ideals of imagination be used as mediums of truth as well as the examples of history? There is an ideal world, and the skillful teacher will present the images that throng that world and point to them for utterances of truth.

There is too little of this "ministering!" upon earth. We read again and again the declaration of Christ, "This is the first and great commandment;" and yet how little care is taken to get the spirit of love and manifest it in the "ministry of life!" How little attention is paid to the development of a loving disposition in the susceptible hearts of children! They are taught

how to succeed in life, win favor, and become rich; the common courtesies of the world are practiced from earliest years; but they grow up without hearts of love, not knowing the blessedness of being "ministering spirits" in this world of want and woe. Many a child would learn to minister, but the genial current of feeling is repressed by the cold counsels of older minds habituated to selfishness. And thus the loving child becomes the man of hardened heart, scheming and laboring for self alone. Many in the Church appear to be Christians in every other respect, but the spirit of love is sadly wanting. In their intercourse with their families and those with whom they have familiarity, they are harsh, passionate, and impulsive, always ready to censure and complain. And with this morose and bitter spirit, they read the Bible and think they conform to its standard, and imagine they have heaven-born charity in their hearts. We fear they are deceiving their own souls.

It may be a very simple thing to have the heart filled with love, but it is the highest principle that stirs the human soul or swells the bosom of a seraph. What though one had the faith that could remove mountains, or the mind that could penetrate all mysteries and grasp all knowledge, or the tongue that could speak all the languages of earth and even the celestial dialect that angels use in their exalted intercourse with one another and when they praise the great Eternal; though he could employ them in all the eloquence that could flow from a seraph's tongue—what would it profit him if love were wanting? When the light of the infinite breaks in upon the enraptured soul, when shadow is exchanged for substance, and the vision of heaven, cherished on earth, becomes a glorious realization, and hope at last reaches the end it sought so long; then shall knowledge like a fleeting dream vanish away, human acquirements and rich endowments shall be no longer needed; but love shall live to thrill the soul and hold it entranced forever by its sweet and ceaseless power. Love is a quenchless flame, a perennial fountain, a plant that ever blooms. He that rests his immortal hopes upon his varied knowledge or his abundant works, shall perish—he and his accomplishments together—but he whose soul is filled with burning love to God and man shall ever live in the enjoyment of his imperishable treasure.

Are not the angels "all ministering spirits?" Did not even the Son of man come "to minister and to give his life a ransom for many?" Is not God a being of infinite love, and heaven a world of love? Then if earth is ever to be the counterpart of heaven, it must be through the

influence of the Gospel of love; and if sinful man expects to rejoice in the presence of Deity, he must get this divine love, cherish it in his heart, and manifest it in his life.

But what can *children* do? Whether they can accomplish any thing or not, they should at least *learn* to minister, or else the crowning glory of their manhood may never be attained. The plant has the elements of fruitfulness long before the fruit appears. The eagle has made many an attempt to soar before he could mount upward on tireless pinion and wrestle with the storm. Where are we to find, in future years, the active spirits of the Church, the philanthropists of the world, if children are not trained to the ministry of love? But there is a work for childhood. The child Jesus said to his parents, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Let manhood work, nobly and earnestly, for God and humanity; but every child has its sphere of usefulness, which no one else could occupy so well. In the economy of nature there are various influences at work. We need the thunder-storm to burst upon the land, charge the corrupted atmosphere with its healthful lightnings, and satisfy the parched earth with its descending floods; but we also love the gentle shower that comes to enliven the drooping plants, and the cheerful sunbeam that silently performs its heaven-appointed mission. We cherish the gladness and beauty of the opening spring, as well as the full glory of summer. From the humblest flower that grows, up to the highest forms of beauty and power, all things are ministering in this world of ours. Childhood has its peculiar attractiveness, and moves in a circle of influences which neither men nor angels can claim for themselves; but all alike, pervaded with the spirit of love, are "workers together with God," finding their highest happiness in carrying out his glorious designs.

TRUE BEAUTY.

BY REV. E. S. STANLEY.

If mirrors had the magic powers
To beautify the human face,
And looks intent, for many hours,
Would give each feature perfect grace;
Then all would have the wondrous power,
Each mirror have its devotee;
Waiting with joy the spell-bound hour,
Such beauty in themselves to see.
If woman joys to seek this goal,
To make her face with graces shine,
Should not her lineaments of soul
Put on a glory all divine?

Though art gives no such charms to flesh,
God gives a mirror for the soul;
Beholding, she puts on afresh
A beauteous image, perfect, whole
That mirror is the Gospel glass,
Transforming into beauty true
The moral features as they pass,
In one grand panoramic view.
And then, with all the pleasing forms
Perfected nature calls her own,
If there shines through a perfect soul,
Behold a queen upon her throne.

"BODY FOUND."

BY LYDIA A. TOMPKINS.

BODY FOUND.—The body of a young woman was found in Peck Slip, Friday morning. Name unknown.—*N. Y. Times.*

"Body found!" O heart of sorrow,
Freed from earthly sin and pain,
Who may know thy waking morrow,
Whether grief or joy it borrow
Far beyond our mortal reign?

"Body found!" the ebbing river
Gives its loathsome secrets up,
Waiting not the bounteous Giver
From the darkness to deliver
Those who quaff the bitter cup.

"Body found!" no tongue is telling
How the stricken soul was rent,
How the passions madly quelling,
Gushing heart-throbs ever welling,
Headlong ruin madly sent.

"Body found!" some heart is longing
For a cherished friend's return,
Joyous hopes and memories thronging,
To the morn of life belonging,
While the kindling passions burn.

"Body found!" the soul's sad sinning,
Haply rent by love or fear,
Seems not worth the troublous winning,
All its claims to friendship thinning.
Lost to all that once were dear.

"Body found!" the rites are over,
Hastened on with careless air;
Wails no weeping, stricken lover,
Guardian angels may not hover,
Where there blooms no mortal care.

"Body found!" some loving mother
Pilloved once this haggard face,
Kindly gazed some tender brother,
Holier love perhaps another
Vowed, and wronged this youthful grace.

"Body found!" O life of mystery,
Faint with agonized despair,
Heart-wrung, sore and weak and weary,
Finding all the future dreary,
Breathes now immortal air.

VISIT TO GENEVA.

BY REV. JOSEPH HOLDICH, D. D.

COL. TRONCHIN—BASSINGE.

I VISITED few places on the continent of Europe with greater interest than this ancient city of Geneva. Its history carries one back to the days of Julius Cæsar, in whose Gallic Wars we first find it named. It is closely associated too with names which command a living place in the records of mankind—with the names of Calvin, Beza, Whittingham; with those of Rousseau, Gibbon, and Byron, the moral antipodes of the others; with Neckar and his daughter Madame De Stael; with Sismondi, Say, Decandolle, Huber, and many others who are distinguished in the walks of literature or science. Several of these were born at Geneva, and others selected it as their temporary or permanent abode, and in some sort connected with it their history. But it was not for the sake of these illustrious persons that I visited Geneva.

Nor was it in Geneva as a town that I was chiefly interested. Indeed, beyond its associations of the past and its venerable air of antiquity it has not much to engage the attention of a curiosity-hunter. Its famous old church of St. Pierre, where Calvin preached and held his theological school, and where Drs. Merle and Gausen still impart vivid instruction in divinity, is an interesting object, though chiefly as connecting the present with the past and awakening lively recollections of by-gone ages. The palace of the Turretini, with the present worthy owner and occupant, of which I was permitted to become acquainted, beyond its venerableness and its associations has no great claim to attention. The history of the watch manufacture—and one sees here a plentiful display of this branch of the arts—deserves attention. The origin of this manufacture at Geneva is curious, showing how important results sometimes, and not unfrequently, follow apparently trivial antecedents. What at first seemed scarcely worthy of notice has given rise to an important and extensive branch of business, that is the support of hundreds or thousands of people, and sends its products to every nation of the civilized world. But I have no time to enlarge upon the topic.

Nor can I take time to describe the situation and surroundings of Geneva, however beautiful and interesting. There is much here to gratify the lover of the picturesque. I shall not easily forget the impression that came over me as I stood on the bridge leading to the island, which forms a part of the city, and gazed on the

"Blue rushing and arrowy Rhone."

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Never till then could I fully appreciate the beauty and appropriateness of Byron's descriptive line. Equally impressive, though in a different way, is the view of the conjunction between the Rhone and the Arve—the Rhone in its clear, blue, crystal purity flowing from the soft and peaceful Lake Leman, and the swelling, foaming Arve, tumbling down from the mountains, and seeking to blend its turbid, mud-stained waters with those of its purer sister. But they will not unite, and each for miles pursues its distinct and separate path, one in course, yet, like truth and falsehood, virtue and vice, refusing to coalesce. But to describe these is not my purpose; I came to Geneva for other objects, and I hasten to my main design.

My object in visiting Switzerland brought me into immediate acquaintance with one of the excellent of the earth, and as his name is already before the world as a man of religious activity, one of God's working men, I may be excused for making him more fully known to those who take an interest in religious enterprises. I allude to the excellent Colonel Henry Tronchin, Chairman of the Swiss-Italian Committee. What appertains to my visit officially has been related elsewhere. Here my object is to describe the man, and what relates personally to him, as I believe such description will not be without interest to the general reader.

I reached Geneva at night, rather indisposed, and I found a good night's rest at the new Hotel de la Metropole, a house every way worthy of its name. Without the tinsel and finery of our first-class American hotels, it fully equals them in substantial elegance, and excels them in real comfort. The next morning I drove out to Bassinge, the name of Colonel Tronchin's villa, to which I had been previously invited, where he usually spends the summer, though I was informed he owns a chateau in the mountains besides a winter-house in the city. The road is excellent, beautifully macadamized, and lined on each side with pleasant-looking residences, in most cases surrounded by ornamental grounds. A drive of two miles brought me to the entrance of Colonel Tronchin's park, the first sight of which gives you an inkling of the owner's character. Over the gate-house, or porter's lodge, is painted in legible characters a part of the first verse of the cxvii Psalm—"Si l' Eternal ne garde la ville, celui qui la garde veille en vain." The house, without an appearance of ostentation, is sufficiently spacious, and has an air of elegant simplicity and substantial comfort. When I arrived the Colonel was out in his park, and I will take the occasion of his absence to give some account of the man.

Colonel Tronchin is descended from an ancient and honorable family of Provence. Remi Tronchin was an officer under Henry IV, and suffered in the dreadful massacre of St. Bartholomew. His son, Theodore Tronchin, born at Geneva in 1582, became a distinguished Protestant clergyman, was Professor of Hebrew and of Theology in Geneva and rector of the Academy. He was a member of the famous Synod of Dort. He was named Theodore, after the reformer Beza, who was his godfather, and who bequeathed to him all his private letters. Another of the family, also named Theodore, born at Geneva in 1709, was a skillful and celebrated physician, patronized by the royal family of France. And yet another, Jean Robert, was as able in law and civil polity as the others were respectively in theology and medicine. Colonel Tronchin is not an unworthy descendant of such a race. Persecuted for their religion, obliged to flee from the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, having twice suffered the loss of a large portion of their property, the Colonel still walks nobly in the steps of the faithful, keeping up both the name and character of his ancestors.

The Colonel still possesses a handsome estate. His villa, of which we have already spoken, stands near the beautiful Lake, his grounds running down to the water. The windows of the drawing-room, however, face the other way, commanding in a clear day a fine view of Mont Blanc. But while I was there the atmosphere was hazy and Mont Blanc was coquettish. We had faint glimpses of his majestic head high up in the heavens, but only enough to mock one's curiosity. We had to be content with a fine and distinct view of the Mole, itself a beautiful eminence, rising in shape like a sugar-loaf, high above other peaks, any of which if alone would command our admiration. While the distant view from the drawing-room is superb, the proximate view is sweet and pleasing. The eye wanders over the park, covered with luxuriant grass, and well studded, here and there, with clusters of noble trees. There is, however, no elaborate or expensive adornment, the Colonel's income being employed, as we shall see presently, in other objects.

But here comes the Colonel himself. He is a man of fine appearance, tall and commanding, with a dignified carriage and demeanor. He is in a simple morning-dress. His bearing is that of a gentleman who has been always accustomed to the best society, and whose unaffected, simple manners put you instantly at your ease. We are soon on pleasant and familiar terms, the conversation turning naturally on the object of my visit.

I soon found that Dr. Merle—he is known by that name here, d'Aubigné being only a distinctive adjunct—was not at home, it being vacation in the theological school. Dr. Gaußen was at home, but too aged and infirm to see strangers with satisfaction. But we were soon on our way to see Dr. Malan, who resides near Bassinge, and is an intimate friend of Colonel Tronchin. We found him at home, and met a cordial welcome. Excellent and venerable man! One can hardly express the delightful impression his appearance creates. Aged, somewhat enfeebled, he yet bears the marks of life and vivacity, while his countenance and manners indicate a sweet and heavenly temper. His conversation was partly in French and partly in English, which he speaks very well. He has been writing recently on the direct witness of the Spirit, on which he holds perhaps rather extreme views. He takes great interest in the subject of the Sabbath, on which he had recently written a small work, a copy of which he gave me. It is entitled, "*La Semaine n'existe jamais sans le jour sanctifié qui la constitue.*" The drift of the argument is to show that the hebdomadal division of time which obviously existed before and after the Deluge, of which we have clear intimations in Israelitish history prior to the giving of the law on Sinai, necessarily proves a Sabbath. Or briefly stated, the week of itself proves the day. Unquestionably there is much weight in the argument. We left the good old man deeply impressed with his dignified, patriarchal, apostolic bearing, and charmed with those marks of a sweet and gentle disposition which a long life of devoted piety have impressed upon him.

I have spoken of the simplicity of the grounds at Bassinge, but I found wherein consisted the most beautiful ornamentation, involving no small expense on the part of the liberal owner. In a distant part of the park, and not visible from the house, is a substantial edifice with several out-buildings. Over the door are the words in legible characters, "*Qu'en taut que vous avez fait ces choses à l'un de mes frères vous me les avez faites.*" Matt. xxv, 40. This is Colonel Tronchin's private hospital. Here he has erected this asylum for about thirty sick and indigent women, where every provision is made for their comfort, medical attendance provided, careful nursing, washing, bathing, exercise, making a complete sanitarium. It is generally full, and often there are more applicants than vacancies. It is not confined to any special cases, nor restricted to any class or sect. It is free to all real objects of charity, who will consent to observe the established regulations. This is not only a hospital for bodily distempers, but not unfrequently for

spiritual diseases. Colonel Tronchin acts himself as chaplain, and sometimes meets with cases of singular interest. Take the following as a specimen:

One day a woman in feeble health applied for admission to his hospital, which was readily granted.

"But," she said, "you do not know who or what I am; perhaps if you did you would not admit me."

"Why, what are you?"

"I am a Catholic."

"O, that is of no consequence if you only keep the rules and act properly."

The woman was accordingly admitted. Shortly after the Colonel inquired if she was willing that he should read the Bible to her and offer prayer. She consented and soon seemed deeply impressed with what she heard, and gave encouraging indication as to her religious state. But the priest who was allowed to visit her, ascertaining the facts interposed his prohibition. The poor woman reluctantly yielded, and would listen to no more reading and prayers from her kind benefactor. Reluctantly he discontinued his kind offices as her spiritual adviser, though the woman still for some time received his bounty. At length she so far recovered as to leave the hospital. Many months after the Colonel was informed that a woman wished to speak to him. He found a sickly, emaciated person, whom he did not recognize, who asked for admission to his retreat. His consent was given.

"But perhaps you do not recollect me."

"I do not, but it is no matter."

"Perhaps if you knew me you would not let me in."

"I dare say I should; but where have I seen you?"

"Do you not remember the woman that the priest forbade to read the Bible and hear prayers?"

"Yes, I do; but you are altered very much, and I did not recognize you."

"And will you receive me again?"

"Certainly, if you will only keep the rules."

This she agreed to do and was admitted. Under the circumstances the Colonel did not think it proper to tender his religious counsels. She had once deliberately rejected them, and he would not offer them again so long as she gave no evidence of a change of purpose. The woman became worse, and her end evidently drew near. Meantime her mind was not at ease. She looked and acted as though she wished to say something, but yet she spoke not. At length she could endure it no longer, and she one day stated that she felt much troubled in mind and knew not

how to obtain comfort. But little reply was made, and that rather evasively. She seemed disappointed.

"You do not tell me what to do."

"No; why should I? I told you once, and at first you listened, but you afterward put yourself under other teaching. It is no use for me to tell you any thing as long as you are bound to obey the priest. If you follow his counsel, mine will do you no good. We do not teach alike."

She renewed the conversation at intervals, evidently much distressed. At length her final hour arrives. Her mind is in great darkness, wretchedness, despair. She utters mournful groans and cries of distress. Her benefactor stands near her bed and keeps all the time citing appropriate texts of Scripture—texts showing man's condition as a sinner, and Christ's willingness, sufficiency, and readiness to save. He utters one passage after another, the woman listening all the time with intense earnestness, drinking in every word, till after a considerable time her countenance begins to brighten; then a pleasant light shines through her sinking eyes, and finally she breathes her last with a smile of peace and triumph on her face. Such are some of the effects of this asylum of Christian charity. In this manner this Christian gentleman expends his handsome income. When I was there he was building a similar asylum for sick and indigent men. Certainly this is better than to expend his money in worldly ostentation, or in laying it up in his life-time to be invested after his death in some expensive charity. Here he expends it in a way to secure to himself a constant source of purest enjoyment while he lives, and leaves a lasting monument to his name.

Yet the Christian is not necessarily restricted in his range of observation or his sphere of thought. He can enjoy as well as others, indeed better than others, whatever is beautiful in nature, worthy in art, or curious for antiquity. In another portion of the park at Bassinge stands a lofty tower, erected, however, by, I think, the father of the present owner. From the top of this is a charming view of the beautiful and placid Leman. There in the distance is Lausanne; nearer, but on the opposite side, is Coppet, once the residence of Madame de Staél. Other points of interest are shown you. But the Castle of Chillon and William Tell's Chapel are not in sight, being hidden by a projecting promontory. The lower story of the tower is a sort of museum of ancient armor. Here are specimens of the various weapons used by the persecuted Swiss in the times of the religious wars, some of them probably belonging to the ancestors of my host. Here is the ancient coat

of mail, the battle-ax, the halberd, and the crossbow and the spear. Besides these were such *extempore* implements as had to serve for the occasion, the instruments of Ceres or Pan for the nonce changed into the implements of Mars. It is a curious collection.

Leaving the old tower we come upon some thick, massive, crumbling walls in a state of dilapidation. They are near the tower and look as if they might once have been united to it. What is this? is the inquiry. Is it the ruin of an old abbey, or castle, or what? My companion's face puts on a comical expression. Leaving me for a few moments in a brown study, at last he answers, "It is just what you see exactly, and never was any thing more." Ah! I understand. It was a ruin built for ornament. It is a capital illusion, however, for my host remarked that Rev. Adolph Monod had asked the same question, and was so impressed by the apparent venerableness of the object that he had seized upon it as the scene of his excellent and useful story of Lucille, which has been read with profit and pleasure by thousands.

On the estate of Bassinge, near the lake, is a genuine specimen of the Swiss *chalet*. It is the residence of Colonel Tronchin's farmer or agent. It is not a tiny, ill-finished hut, with nothing but the picturesque to recommend it, but a commodious dwelling, with four good rooms and a hall on each floor and two stories high. It has the wide, overhanging eaves, as seen in the ordinary cuts of the chalet, with the gallery around the second story, but the stairs ran up from the hall within. The fireplaces had marble mantles, and every thing looked respectable and comfortable. On expressing my surprise at what I saw I was told that it is not superior to many chalets in the country, as some of the peasants are rich and quite able to put up comfortable dwellings; and that as to the marble mantles they are not expensive, the stone being convenient, not costly, and that the labor is very low.

Here, too, I had an opportunity of seeing the genuine Swiss mountain cows. They are small, but exceedingly well-shaped and very beautiful. Nothing of the kind could be prettier. I was much struck too with the neatness and cleanliness of the stable, and the warmth of the air within. One can easily understand how the poorer class of peasants in the Switzerland and the south of France not unfrequently live in their cow stables, as the warmth saves the expense of fuel, while the perfect neatness, far beyond what any one could conceive, removes the great objection to such an arrangement.

I have spoken in another place of Beza's bequest of his letters to an ancestor of Colonel

Tronchin. Being in the library my host opened the door of a large cabinet built in the wall, where this precious treasure is preserved. Here are the autograph letters of the moving spirits of the Reformation. Here were the original letters of the reformer's private correspondents—the veritable productions of Luther, Melancthon, Ecolampadius, Zwingli, letters of Henry IV, and of Erasmus and others of equal celebrity, a large portion substantially bound. I said Beza's private correspondence. I should rather have said what of it remains in the hands of the present possessor. For during the religious persecutions, of which we have spoken, the family were sometimes reduced to such straits that they were obliged to dispose of many of these letters to procure the means of support. Hence, though the collection is still quite large, it is only about one-third of the original quantity. A grand treasure would this collection be for our autograph hunters!

When at Bassinge there came into my mind Mrs. Sherwood's story of the Little Momière, the scene of which is laid in Geneva. I inquired if there are any of those people called Momières now in Switzerland. My good host smiled as he replied, "There are no such people." It is not the name of any sect, but only a term of reproach applied to religious people. The meaning is simply harlequin, buffoon, or mountebank. It was first applied by a drunken fellow to an excellent Christian to ridicule his piety, and from this it became a common designation of those of really evangelical views and practice. But the term has now gone out of use, and the word Methodist is employed instead. I replied, "Then I am a Momière." He then related that several years ago he was dining in a distinguished company when a lady asked him if he could tell her what is meant by a Momière. "Very easily, madam," was his prompt reply. "You have only to look at me and you have a practical illustration. I am an old Momière." A nobleman sitting next to him patted him on the knee and said to him *sous voce*, "Capital! you could not have given a better answer."

We talked of the life of Captain Hadley Vicars and Captain Hammond. He had read the life of Vicars with great interest and pleasure. He remarked that, thinking the incidents of the life would interest the Italians and the example profit them and help to prepare the way for evangelical teaching, he had translated it into the Italian language and had it published. But he was disappointed. It did not take in Italy at all. Yet he was not sorry for it on the whole, as the objection was one that showed moral consideration. The people of Italy could not understand a per-

son's religion who lived a soldier and died in the act of fighting, having killed another just before he was killed himself. He respected the objection, and was not sorry the book failed. It would of course be useless to debate the point.

It was pleasing to find that under Scriptural teaching and with the Holy Spirit for an enlightener, the same phase of piety is produced in different parts of the world in persons who have had no intercourse with nor knowledge of each other. In the present case, but for the foreign tongue one could not tell that we were not of the same country. Here was the same family devotion, the same religious service at table, the same exercise of faith, hope, and love, and what is more, Colonel Tronchin, a layman, on the Lord's day holds religious meetings and preaches to the cottagers about the country wherever he can get an audience, precisely like the local or lay preachers in the Methodist Church, or like Brownlow North and others in Great Britain.

Under such an influence no wonder that Bassinge is a place of resort for the wise and good, and for moral reformers from every land. Many names I found cherished here that are very familiar at home, as the Rev. Drs. Sprague, Baird, and Kirk, with many others of different countries. At the time of my visit there was an excellent lady, the wife of an English clergyman, Rev. Mr. Freemantle, whose husband was paying a religious visit to the peasantry of Piedmont. She had spent one or two summers with him in this work, and it was interesting to hear her tell the incidents of her sojourn, the earnestness with which the mountaineers listened to her message, and the simple-heartedness with which they built "the grand English lady" a house which they called a palace, and furnished it with every comfort which they in their poverty could command. But the recital would make the story too long, and I forbear.

Perhaps I may be permitted to remark that in her sphere Madam Tronchin is a co-worker with her excellent husband, sympathizing fully with him, entering into his plans with zeal and forwarding them as she has opportunity. She is a lady of elegant appearance and of refined and graceful manners.

STRONG RELATIONSHIP.

Look not alone for your relations in your own house or in your own sphere. The blood of Christ is stronger for relationship than blood of father or mother. Look above you. All there are yours. Go down even to the bottom of society. All below you are judgment-day brothers; and God's eternity is on them and you alike.

MEET THINE HUSBAND WITH A SMILE.

BY MRS. S. TAYLOR GRISWOLD.

MEET thine husband with a smile,
Anxious wife and tearful;
Let thy sorrows rest awhile,
Let his home be cheerful;
Out amid the busy world
Cares have hotly prest him,
Let his spirit's wing be furled
Where thy love has blest him.

Tell him not how borrowed ills
Poison all thy gladness;
Fancy's phantoms pleasure kills,
Shrouding it with sadness.
Wreathe with smiles the knitted brow,
As when skies were sunny;
From the bitter Marah bough
Thou canst gather honey.

With the love of early days
Greet the weary comer;
Let him feel Affection's rays
On his heart like summer.
Shadows from a little tomb,
On the hearth-stone lying,
Give to brows sepulchral gloom,
Lips the breath of sighing.

For thy many blessings left
Chant a glad thanksgiving,
Though of one dear hope bereft,
Dying is but living;
Thou canst meet thy buried one
With this blest assurance,
Till life's work is nobly done,
Bear with meek endurance.

God hath never been unkind—
Keep this truth before thee,
Lo! yon cloud is silver-lined,
Though it frowneth o'er thee.
Meet thine husband with a smile—
Calm amid thy sorrows,
So shalt thou the sting beguile
From Grief's poisoned arrows.

PRAYER FOR CHINA.

BY MRS. LIZZIE MACE M'FARLAND.

O, THOU, whose all-embracing eye
The myriad wants of myriads sees,
Thine is the power, to thee we cry
For help to resp such fields as these.

Thy love through all the ages past
Preserved this nation from decay,
And China stretches forth at last
Her hands to greet the Gospel day.

Thine is the kingdom, let it spread
O'er China's many-peopled plains,
Till floats o'er ocean's farthest bed
The full-voiced anthem, "Jesus reigns."

THE MAN OF UZ.

BY REV. WILLIAM GRAHAM.

AMONG the sublimest Hebrew poetry of the Old Testament is the book of Job. Its design among the canonical records of God's revelation seems to be the vindication and justification of the ways of God to man in the administration of his providence. The events which transpired in the history of Job led his own mind to this vindication, as he indicates in the sequel by the declaration, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear; but now mine eye seeth thee." The doctrine of this book, therefore, settles the question of the origin and influence of evil in the world—a question which has perplexed the minds of unevangelical philosophers in past ages. It shows that infernal agency, exerted by direct personal influence from without, is not only direct upon the heart of man, but, under a superintending Providence, may also be allowed an influence in the natural evils which destroy life—storms, and diseases, and their kindred agencies. Hence it follows, as a clearly-developed consequence, that God, to whom we pray, and with whom our prayers avail, controls directly those natural evils from which we suffer. This sound principle of theology teaches that no calamitous influence is inevitably beyond the power of God's arrest, and the devout, God-fearing Christian is vindicated in interposing his prayers to the desolations of such agencies as the man of the world thinks to be inveterate and uncontrollable. Such lessons were the more necessary in the dim antiquity in which Job lived, before "life and immortality were brought to life by the Gospel." To rightly appreciate the great problem of this book we must consider the undeveloped condition of the revelation of grace, in the remote times of the patient patriarch of Uz.

Another useful lesson may be drawn by the suffering child of God from this book. Even under the superior light of a completed revelation and the influence of the Holy Spirit, nothing is more common than to refer unusual calamities, both national and individual, to the sins of the sufferers. This was the judgment of Job's friends. Their error was that they did not wait to see the end—their conclusions were too hasty. God may have a purpose to accomplish, which, in his wisdom, may be best brought about by the temporary affliction of his people. Jesus corrected this common error when he told the Jews that the Galileans crushed by the falling of the tower of Siloam, and those cruelly murdered by Pilate at the altar of their sacrifices, were not "sinners above all others in Jerusalem."

But before we advance a question must be met. Is the book of Job *historical*? The ancient Jews—that is, the Rabbinical writers—considered it a parable. Some modern interpreters treat it as allegorical and mythical. But, without entering into the merits of the argument, we may affirm that the book has all the characteristics of a real history—marks which are never found in a parable or allegory. It gives the names of the persons concerned as fully as any other part of the Bible. "There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job." The history not only names the land in which he lived, but also the neighboring tribes—the Sabeans and Chaldeans. Job is also named by the prophet Ezekiel in a list of other historical names: "Though these three men, Noah, Daniel, and Job, were in it, they should deliver but their own souls by their righteousness, saith the Lord." And an apostle says, "Ye have heard of the patience of Job." Thus the Holy Spirit of inspiration authorizes the real character of Job.

As to the *authorship* of this book it is not important which of the several opinions advocated by different divines is adopted. We think the opinion that it was written by Moses in his quiet retirement as a shepherd of Midian is sustained by the most conclusive arguments, and is the most probable. On this supposition it is the oldest book in the Bible, and the most ancient in the world—excepting, perhaps, the book of Genesis. Moses may have received this account, which the book records, from Job himself in the latter days of the patriarch's life, or he may have had it narrated by some of his friends who knew it. Moses, thinking that it might serve to comfort his oppressed countrymen in Egypt, may have written it out in its present form for their benefit. The country of Job was sufficiently near Midian for Moses to possess himself of the history.

Job lived in the days of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—he was probably a cotemporary of Jacob. The whole history, and especially the offering of sacrifices, indicates that he lived in those times, and not after the Mosaical law had been given. He lived in Uz. This land was so named because it was settled by a tribal chief named Uz, who was the grandson of Shem, and nephew of Abraham. It was the region of Padan-aram where the elder branches of Abraham's family remained after his departure for Canaan, where Eliezer obtained a wife for Isaac, and where Jacob sojourned with Laban. It is situated in Armenia.

Job was immensely rich, and in the earlier period of his life he seems to have reposed in the sunshine of an uninterrupted prosperity. But,

unlike many rich men in these days, he was "a perfect and an upright man, one that feared God and eschewed evil." No finer picture of earthly happiness can be conceived than that of Job and his wife before their afflictions. They had ten married, prosperous children settled in life around them, possessed abundance of this life, were honored by their children, worshiped God with comfort, and guarded the safety of the rising families around them by oblations to God for possible sins that might incur the Divine displeasure. In the simplicity of ancient oriental manners, imagination could draw no purer and happier picture of life.

But if Job was so eminently a righteous man, how are we to account for the evident ill-temper and hasty and irreverent expressions found in his speeches to his friends? The answer is, on the ground that Job *sinned* in his deep affliction. He was not a "perfect and upright man" all his life. The common opinion is that the character which the Almighty ascribes to Job before his temptation continued all through his life, and it seems unpleasant to tear away the mantle of sanctity which has been made to cover the good old patriarch; but we must be faithful to the record, and judge him by the light of the history itself. It is plainly stated that before his trial Job was the most upright man on earth. The first trial came. It was severe indeed. A succession of calamities swept away all his large estate, and finally his seven sons and three daughters—the pride and comfort of his years—were torn from his embrace. He heard successively of the destruction of his property and the massacre of his servants, and, though he could not have been unmoved, yet he seems to have maintained his tranquillity, and to have stood like a storm-beaten oak amid the desolations of the surrounding tempest. But when he received the intelligence of the death of his children, then he was overwhelmed. A tender chord of his nature was touched, and he yielded—and well he might. We would think less of him if he had not. Many a heart has been sorely and sadly affected at the loss of *one* loved child; but Job suddenly lost *ten*—all were gone. There with his deeply-afflicted companion he stood childless and alone in the world. According to custom in that day, Job "rent his mantle, and shaved his head, and fell down upon the ground and worshipped." In that hour of grief and deep distress he worshiped God; who else could comfort him? The expression of Job in this hour of grief is a remarkable triumph of submission in deep affliction; it deserves to be, as it often is, quoted as an achievement of grace in the heart over the crushing afflictions of life. "The Lord

gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord!" O, what faith! What submission! Now mark the testimony given in the history of this *still* perfect man: "In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly."

But now comes the second trial. Job's person is touched. Satan smote him with "sore boils, from the sole of his foot unto his crown." This is believed by most Biblical scholars to have been the "black leprosy," the most painful of all diseases known among the orientals, and by far the most loathsome, much more so than the "white leprosy" which is noticed in the Jewish law, and which was not very painful. How the previous misfortunes affected the wife of Job we are not told, and in the case of this silence we may properly consult nature for information. A mother's heart in time of bereavement will describe the tears, and sighs, and anguish of this ancient mother. What a sad cup of grief was hers! Doubtless she spent many an hour of sorrow and shed many a bitter tear under the outspreading palms, where her joyous children had often cheered her heart in happier days. Now, in the painful personal affliction of her husband, she finds an additional trial. We are not to suppose that Satan left Job's wife untouched by his infernal suggestions. He was intent on the ruin of Job, in which he failed in the first effort; and now he would not leave Job such a boon as is a good wife in the hour of affliction; she might be a comfort and a support to him. Having been bereaved of her children, and seeing her husband smitten with a loathsome, incurable disease, being sure of his death, she yielded to the tempter's power in the bitterness of her heart's distress. Who can blame her? Who would not have sympathized with her, and have excused her? Injustice is done this woman by the common opinion. There is not the slightest evidence in the history, when rightly understood, that she was a wicked woman, or that she was ill-tempered or unkind to her afflicted husband. Where does the common opinion that she was a shrew find authority? Surely not in the record. All that we are warranted in concluding from what is recorded is, that in her inconsolable grief she broke out in bitter invectives against the providence of God. She was only weaker in her religious integrity than was her husband; but surely we need not make her out a bad woman because she was inferior to such a man as Job; tried by the high standard of Job's perfections, many a wife, and many a husband, too, would be found inferior. But did she not speak *unkindly* to her deeply-afflicted husband? Did she not *burlesque* his religious integrity? That is' the opinion of

some, but the reading of the history makes it by no means certain; and when the circumstances are all fairly considered, we think all must come to a different conclusion. Her language reflected on the justice and integrity of God, but not on the character of Job. "Dost thou still retain thine integrity?" In the warm, gushing sympathy of a wife she witnessed Job's suffering, and, knowing the uprightness of his character, and not knowing the design of the Almighty in this calamitous visitation, she hastily reached the conclusion that God was unjust and unworthy of her husband's confidence. "Dost thou still retain thine integrity?" I am astonished at thee! Thou hast always walked uprightly before God; thou art worthy of better treatment; thou art unjustly afflicted by the Lord; trust him and honor him no longer. And, seeing that death is inevitable from the malignant character and inveterate type of thy disease, "curse God and die." He deserves not thy praise—he merits thy curse. This, we think, on a fair study of the subject, was the spirit and weakness of Job's wife; she dishonored God, but exhibited no want of affection for her husband. It is true that some critics have interpreted the Hebrew term which is translated "curse" in the English version to mean *bless*, a meaning which is given to the same term without hesitation in some other passages in the Scripture, where its relation in the sentence settles its meaning beyond doubt. And, though the term is susceptible of this opposite rendering, yet, unless the sense manifestly requires it, it should retain its common meaning, which is *curse*. If the word in this instance is translated *bless*, it makes the language of Job's wife ironical, which ill corresponds with the circumstances of the case. Is it reasonable that irony should be used by a wife in such circumstances? Would she thus revile and torture her husband in his painful disease, and, as she supposed, on the verge of death? The thing is the most unreasonable, and, therefore, the history does not only not demand such an interpretation, but, we think, it does not admit of it. But does not the reply of Job to his wife sustain the view that she meant her language as unkind to him? We think not. Is it not a rebuke to her? Not a harsh or an unkind one. "Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh." *Thou art not a foolish heathen woman, and oughtest not to speak thus, for it is as one of these would speak.* "What!" Consider. "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" You are in error; I ought not to curse Him whose goodness we in our happy union have shared so bountifully in former years. Such, we think, is the proper view in this case;

and all the statements of Job's wife *turning against* him and acting unwomanly and without the sympathies of a wife, thus exalting the character of Job at the expense of that of his bereaved and grief-stricken companion, is all gratuitous and unkind. She doubtless treated him in his affliction as any other wife would have treated her husband in that age and country, and was all that Job could have wished, except that, in yielding to temptation, she had lost her confidence in God, and hence failed to be such a religious support and comfort to him as he needed.

Now let us foot up the record of Job's character again. After this interview with his wife in the midst of his extraordinary suffering, it is significantly said: "In all this did not Job sin *with his lips*." Why that qualifying clause? Why does the record not stand in the summing up just as it did after the first trial? Doubtless, though Job still spoke uprightly and godly, yet he *felt* impatient insubmission under God's severe providence; his *heart* already began to cherish what his *life* did not show till afterward, when his hot temper found vent in bitter words against God. Temptation had come before, but then his triumph was *complete*; but now he *entertains* the temptation, and yet guards against outward sin. Here he *sinned in his heart*.

But other scenes transpired in the history of this good man's afflictions—that which may not be improperly called a third trial, from the fact that it so deeply aggravated what he was then enduring. Job had three distinguished friends; like himself they were, doubtless, patriarchs or tribal chiefs—Eliphaz, Bildad, and Zophar. Hearing of his calamities, they came as friends to minister their sympathies to him in his distress. But the case far exceeded their worst anticipations, and when they saw him sitting upon the ground so disfigured by his disease as not to be recognized by them, "they lifted up their voices and wept, and they rent every one his mantle, and sprinkled dust upon their heads toward heaven." They sat upon the ground with him without speaking a word to him for seven days and seven nights. This fact showed real sympathy and true friendship. Now followed a prolonged debate between Job and his friends, in which are some of the most beautifully-poetic and sublime passages in the Bible. His friends were evidently men of superior intellect and culture, and not wanting in piety—such men as furnished him agreeable society in the days of his prosperity. In some respects they erred in sentiment, but they were sincere in heart. They, no doubt, honestly believed that so dreadful a reverse in the fortune of their friend furnished

evidence of some heinous, hidden sin, and this charge they urged persistently against him. They could not see how an innocent man could thus suffer, and they regarded the change from his former prosperity as presumption of some secret sin. This imputation Job hurled back with an indignation and in language sometimes reprehensible. And though he exhibited a heated temper and somewhat bitter spirit, yet he protested his entire innocence before God. Surely the language itself shows that then he was not right before God. Elihu, a wise and pious young man, after Job's debate with his three friends had ended, presented a very grave charge of self-righteousness against Job, coupled with profanity in comparing himself with God. "Thinkest thou this to be right, that thou saidst, My righteousness is more than God's?" And the Lord afterward refers to Job's speeches in such a way as to make it clear that he had sinned. "He that reproveth God, let him answer." "Wilt thou also disannul my judgment? Wilt thou condemn me, that thou mayest be righteous?" In all his discourses Job had appealed to the Lord for the rectitude of his heart, and he seemed to have craved the opportunity of debating the question at issue with the Almighty. Afterward the Lord afforded him this opportunity, but now how changed his tone! How different are his convictions! He sees his mistakes, and manfully confesses them, and piously submits his soul to God. "Behold, I am vile; what shall I answer thee? I will lay mine hand upon mine mouth." "Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." How could he repent, or of what could he repent if he had not sinned? Job seems to have been honestly mistaken in some of his views; and in examining his conscious uprightness of *life*, he seems to have overlooked the inward sins of his *heart*. And though all our sympathies are with him, and we feel like excusing him, yet that does not alter the facts in the case.

But, although Job departed slightly and briefly from his accustomed uprightness, under the excruciating ordeal through which he passed, yet the temptation was not successful. Satan did not succeed in his design. Job did not "curse" the Lord "to his face," although Satan tempted his wife to tell him to do it. He gained the victory, and God the glory. He stumbled, but did not fall. He bent over, but recovered his erect posture.

And notwithstanding his slight moral aberration, he still is eminently deserving of the distinction given him in Holy Writ. There was no man like him for piety on earth, before his temptation; he blessed the name of the Lord

under the severest losses and sorest bereavements; he endured his personal affliction with a wakeful patience, which indicated that he confidently hoped for relief from God; and he unhesitatingly humbled himself in repentance before God, when he discovered his mistake. Such was this patient man. And the Lord, in whom he trusted, vindicated him from the false imputation of his friends, and restored his former, and more than his former health and prosperity.

LUCY HYDE'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

A STORY FOR CHILDREN.

BY MRS. F. M. BOWE.

"ONLY one week from Christmas, mamma," said Lucy Hyde, springing into her mother's sitting-room, on her return from school, one bright frosty morning in December. "Only one week from Christmas, and I have so much to do, the boys' cravats to hem, and papa's slippers to finish, and—O, what is that, a letter from papa?" exclaimed the volatile little lady, now noticing, for the first time since her abrupt entrance, that her mother was deeply engaged in reading a letter, "do tell me," she continued, "is that from papa? when is he coming home? and what will he bring me?" Mrs. Hyde, smiling indulgently at her daughter, said, "I will answer one question at a time, if you please; the letter is from your father; he will not be home till Christmas eve, and as to what he will bring you, sit down and I will read you a few lines: 'Tell, my darling Lucy, I intend to bring her, for a Christmas gift, something she has wished for very often in her life, something which I know will be of use to her, and which I hope will teach her punctual and orderly habits.'"

"O, the dear, delightful father," said Lucy, as her mother folded up the letter, "I know it's my watch that I've waited for so long; *you* know what it is, mamma, won't you tell me?"

"Of course I know," replied her mother, "and of course I shall not tell *you*, and so spoil papa's pleasant surprise; and I advise you, instead of sitting there gazing into the fire, as if you expected to see the name of your present written in letters of flame, to set to work assiduously and finish some of the various articles which you intend for Christmas; there is nothing like occupation for making time pass quickly."

Who does not know how the week before Christmas is spent, where there is a loving household; the mysterious whisperings, the secret confabs, the hastily *tucking away* of some tell-tale scrap of purse, scarf, or needle-book,

when an unlooked-for entrance is made; or, above all, the beautiful forgetfulness of self, when the treasured money-box is emptied of its contents to purchase some love-token, for a dear member of the family. And so the time sped on in Mrs. Hyde's household, till the morning of the 24th, and then Lucy, for once shaking off her inclination for a lengthened morning nap, sprang from her bed, and after a hasty breakfast summoned her brothers to her aid, in making garlands for the parlor. George, the eldest, would have much preferred his quiet corner and book; Edward, the next son, was preparing his skates in anticipation of a glorious frolic, while Charlie, who was two years younger than his sister, was the only one besides herself really interested in the decorations; but Lucy was an only daughter, and the boys had been educated by their high-toned, gentlemanly father, to yield the utmost deference and support to all of the gentler sex, and no where could the supremacy of woman's rights—we mean woman's rights in the highest and holiest sense—have been more beautifully upheld than in Mr. Hyde's family. And so the book was laid aside, the skates thrown by till the afternoon, and busy fingers and knives soon stripped the evergreen branches, laying the little sprigs conveniently for Lucy's nimble hands to weave into garlands. You will, perhaps, ask if Lucy appreciated and returned all this love and tenderness. It is Christmas-time, and we feel inclined to throw the mantle of charity over every body's faults; but we will just whisper to you, that you may have the key to her character, that Lucy's one great fault was selfishness; this was perhaps partly caused by her having been made, all her life, the chief object of interest in the house; and though she returned their love with all the warmth of an affectionate heart, she was very exacting, and both father and mother feared that the terrible blight of selfishness was gradually creeping over her otherwise lovely nature. Christmas eve came at last, and "shadows from the fitful fire-light danced upon the parlor wall;" and a right pleasant parlor it was to peep into, with its ivy-crowned busts and delicately-wreathed pictures, its warm, damask curtains gracefully looped up, and, above all, the merry hearts and eyes which were awaiting the arrival of the loved head of the house. Lucy hovered about the room like a humming-bird, chattering all the while, "I do n't know which I want to see most, papa or my present; just think, boys, perhaps in a few hours I shall be winding up my watch."

"Do n't be too sure, Puss," said George, laughing, "there's many a slip between the cup and the lip."

"I hear him," interrupted Lucy, as the sound of wheels was heard, and in a few moments she was locked in her father's arms.

"Boys," said Mr. Hyde, "look after my baggage; I have something here in the omnibus," and he returned, leading into the parlor a little girl about his daughter's age, and putting an arm around each, he drew them together, saying, 'This is my Lucy's Christmas gift—a *dear little sister*.' "

Lucy Hyde had all the instincts of a lady, and she kissed the cheek of the little stranger, with an appearance of warmth; but while Mrs. Hyde was giving her a motherly greeting, Lucy turned away to hide the bright drops of disappointment which were rapidly chasing each other down her cheek; in that one moment all the evil in her nature raged; she would not love her—what did *she* want of a sister, somebody to share in all the petting which had hitherto been exclusively hers? Her mother's voice recalled her to her better self. "Take Alice to your room, Lucy; take off her wrappings, and then we can have a better peep at her." While they are gone, we will briefly tell you how Alice Douglas, happened to be here. While Mr. Hyde was stopping at the hotel in New York, he was one day startled by a little girl rushing out of a room adjoining his own, and exclaiming, "Please call some one, mamma has fainted;" hastily summoning the chambermaid to their assistance, he waited anxiously to hear of the lady's recovery, and upon inquiring her name, was surprised to find that she was the wife of Captain Douglas, of the Navy, an old schoolmate of his own. The next day he sent in his card, and was admitted into Mrs. Douglas's room, and there, pillow'd upon a couch, he found her evidently rapidly sinking into the grave. She had been in bad health for months, but had thought herself, some weeks previous, able to undertake the journey to New York, where she had hoped to meet her husband, but instead the sorrowful tidings awaited her, that the ship in which he sailed had been lost, and her husband found a watery grave. The hope which had sustained her feeble frame being gone, she sank rapidly, and in a week from the time in which Mr. Hyde first met her he followed her remains to the grave, having first received the little Alice as a sacred trust, promising that she should be to him in all things as a daughter. The children soon returned to the parlor, and as Lucy entered with her charge the expression of her face showed that her good angel had not quite deserted her; but who could resist the softening influence which surrounded the orphan Alice—her little form was clothed in the emblems of

woe, and her sweet face was shaded by a child's first deep sorrow, while from her mild, blue eyes beamed forth that sentiment, which was sung by the angels on the plains of Bethlehem so many centuries ago: "Peace on earth, good will to men." The little group spent a merry evening together, and as they were separating for the night Mr. Hyde said good-humoredly, "Well, my daughter, as your present was too big to put into your stocking, I suppose you will not be disappointed at finding it empty in the morning."

"Indeed I shall," replied Lucy, as she gave him her good-night kiss; "I shall expect it full to the very brim."

No one under twenty sleeps late on Christmas morning, and this day dawned with unusual splendor. The frost king had breathed over every tree and shrub, and had thrown his garlands in fantastic shapes over every resting-place.

"Look, Alice!" exclaimed Lucy, throwing back the curtain, "see what a beautiful day we are to have!"

"Yes," said Alice, "I remember just such another, two years ago, and mamma said the white snow was a beautiful emblem of the pure and sinless infant Savior."

"I never thought of that before," said Lucy; "but do make haste with your dressing, I'm almost crazy to get down and examine my presents, are n't you?"

One burst of tears was Alice's only reply, and they revealed to the thoughtless Lucy all that was passing in that little heart; the memory of former happy Christmas days was too fresh to admit others into their sacred number. And so Lucy, throwing her arms around her young companion, kissed away her tears, saying, "Forgive me, Alice, I forgot; don't hurry, I will wait as long as you please." Well done, Lucy, a good beginning for Christmas, the first victory over self! A noisy group gathered around the breakfast-table. After the merry greetings had been exchanged and that social meal dispatched with unusual haste, they adjourned to the parlor to examine the stockings, for it was one of Lucy's whims that young and old, great and small, should all enjoy their surprise together. I spare you a description of the presents; every body declared, of course, that "they had not expected any thing, but had received exactly what they wanted." Mrs. Hyde's thoughtful care had provided for Alice, and Mr. Hyde caused the tears to flow afresh, as he clasped on her arm a bracelet made of her mother's hair and containing a beautiful photograph of her loved face. But presents and all were laid aside when the

bells rang out for church, for all in that family loved the Christmas services, though none of the younger members entered into them with such deep earnestness as did Alice, the close companion of an invalid mother, who was a sincere Christian; the child had been educated into the true significance of worship, and it never presented to her young mind an unmeaning form, and now as her clear voice swelled out in the Christmas carols, her face lighted with a radiance which seemed not all of earth, and one might almost be tempted to believe that the beautiful legend of the Christ-child was a reality, embodied in the little orphan in Mr. Hyde's family. We will let the Christmas holidays slip by, and pass over, too, the intervening months till we come to the time the poets sing about—"the ever-blushing May," although we must confess it is more frequently the ever-weeping May. However, this was a bright and glorious May-day, and in their new country home Lucy and Alice had been looking forward with much delight to its approach, as Lucy was to be crowned Queen of May, in the spacious grounds of an adjoining neighbor. But on the previous evening Alice, who had been slightly ailing for a day or two, was suddenly taken very ill; all night long did Mrs. Hyde and Lucy bend over the little sufferer's couch, bathing her fevered head and giving her cooling drinks, till toward morning she sank into a heavy slumber. Mrs. Hyde then insisted that Lucy should lie down and sleep, saying, "It will not do for you to disappoint all your young friends to-day, and, though of course you will not enjoy it half so much without dear Alice, I think you had better go, I shall watch her all day." Lucy's eyes filled with tears as she replied, "Do you really think, mamma, I could be so selfish as to go while Alice is at home suffering?" and then coloring deeply, she added, "I know I have thought so much of my own gratification, all my life, that no one expects any self-denial from me, but I think I have learned much of that from a sweet little teacher, in the last few months, and I shall certainly practice it with her to-day." A few hours later and a merry band of singers were heard under the window singing for their Queen to come forth; Lucy quietly slipped down and explained to them Alice's sudden illness and her intention of remaining with her; then playfully placing the crown they had brought upon the head of a young girl who stood near, said, "See, the Queen appoints her substitute; good-by, and a pleasant day to you." With loud regrets, both for the fact and its cause, they went away, and Lucy, springing up the stairs, stopped for one moment to wipe away the drops

of disappointment that *would* fall, and then, with a smile upon her lips, she entered the room. Alice, with a look of deep concern, had half raised upon her pillow, and as her companion entered, she exclaimed, "Dear Lucy! what does it mean? You surely have not sent them away without you? do please go, I am a great deal better."

"I am glad to hear it, my sweet sister," said Lucy, gayly, "and I shall try to keep you so; so not a word, but lie down and I will read to you; for I am only carrying out your favorite maxim, of 'doing as you would be done by.'"

We avail ourselves of the privilege accorded to all story-tellers, and will fancy just one year has passed since we first introduced our little heroine.

"This is certainly most singular," said Mr. Hyde, laying down a letter he had just been reading to his wife; "and while I rejoice in my friend's safety, I tremble lest he should take away the little child who has become so dear to us."

"What do you say, papa?" said Lucy, whose quick ear had caught the closing sentence, as she entered the room, "who can take her from us? for I know who you mean."

"Do you think I can trust her discretion, mother?" said her father.

"I think so," was the reply; and then Mr. Hyde, drawing Lucy to his knee, said,

"It is a strange story, but told in a few words: I have this morning had a letter from Captain Douglas, Alice's father, whom we all thought had found a grave in the deep sea; but it appears that when the vessel was wrecked, he and two others were washed ashore, upon the coast of Africa; he fell into good hands, who nursed him through a long and dangerous illness, and then, after many perils by land and sea, he reached New York, only to find the grave of his wife, and to learn the residence of his little daughter, and by a singular coincidence he will reach here on Christmas eve. And now, we must break the news gently to Alice; for although it has been more than two years since she has seen her father, she of course retains a perfect recollection of him, and we must not startle her painfully."

"O, papa," said Lucy, "please leave it to me, it would be so pleasant to present Alice's father to her for a Christmas gift, just as you brought her to me. You know we are to have a tree on that night; so please leave it to mamma and me."

Again it is Christmas eve; but Mr. Hyde's parlor is too brilliantly lighted to "cast shadows on the wall;" a well-laden tree stands in

the middle of the room, which is the center of attraction to dozens of young, bright eyes. Lucy is fluttering about in a state of excitement not easily to be described, while the sweet face of Alice is as calm and unruffled as the summer lake, although Lucy has been endeavoring to prepare her for some wonderful surprise, some present that she is to receive that was never heard of under the same circumstances before; but Alice is used to Lucy's extravagant manner, and she smiles pleasantly, but her heart does not beat any faster. In an adjoining room sits Captain Douglas, who had arrived early in the evening, with Mr. and Mrs. Hyde. He had had several peeps at his darling through the half-closed door, and his impatience was becoming almost unbearable, when Lucy rushed in and announced that they might come, and papa was to begin the distribution of presents. Captain Douglas kept partly in the background while the children were receiving their gifts, but Alice's eye had caught the stranger's face as he entered, and she never took her gaze from him. Mrs. Hyde, who had been watching her with all a mother's anxiety, saw the tears gather in her eyes, and she knew that memory was busy with her heart-strings, and she trembled for the result.

"*My sister Alice's present,*" almost screamed Lucy, as she led Captain Douglas up to her; he spoke in a low, almost frightened tone, as he opened his arms to her.

"*Alice! my own daughter!*" One long sob of joy and Alice was pillowed on her father's breast. She cried so violently for some minutes that the family became alarmed, and Mr. Hyde said almost sternly, "It is too sudden; I should not have yielded to your fancy, Lucy." But Alice, with a strong effort at self-control, raised up, and taking Mr. Hyde's hand, said, "O, no, my dear *other* father, it is only so much joy." Need we tell you that the sun shone the next morning on a happy party, and Lucy's cup of joy was filled to the brim, when deep down in the toe of her stocking she found a beautiful little watch, and discovered that Alice had one just like it.

"I did not know, daughter," said Mr. Hyde, "how much your heart was set upon a watch last year, but I think the present I then brought you has proved quite as useful a monitor."

"O, papa," said Lucy, "I am afraid my watch will remind me of the wicked feelings I had, when I first saw Alice; I almost vowed I would not love her; and now," said she, turning to Captain D., and throwing her arms around Alice with all the warmth of her impassioned nature, "my only fear is that you will take her away from us; please say you won't."

"Indeed, my dear child," said Captain Douglas, "I am only too grateful for the love and kindness you have all shown my motherless little one; and as my ship is ordered off into the far seas, in a month's time, my greatest happiness will be in feeling that my darling Alice has a loving home." And thus we leave them, trusting that both they and our young readers may have many more happy Christmas days.

I AND MY CHILD.

BY F. W. CROSBY.

I'VE a little pet at home—a darling little girl, of just three years. Her name is Nelly. All day long, while I am away at my work, she prattles with, teases, and pleases her mother. When twilight comes and I can see to work no longer, home I go, humming songs and thinking all the while of my bright, little, bird-like Nelly. When they hear my voice from just behind the trees that hide our pretty white cottage, open flies the door and out dances my little darling, chased by her mother, in gleeful competition for the first kiss. I love them both dearly. One is my companion; the other my pet. Never had a man such a wife and child.

The other morning we found it snowing briskly. The little, white snow-feathers stuck to the window-panes, making odd-looking figures of men and horses, cats and dogs. At least little Nelly thought so, for her young imagination is always springing with pleasant fancies.

After breakfast, while my other Nelly, the mother, was wiping the white crockery and placing it in order in the snug little cupboard, all at once the clouds broke open and the sun dashed out of his covert, pouring such a flood of golden light upon the white carpet of snow as dazzled our eyes to blindness at first. Then little Nelly—she is a restless little thing—wanted I should take her to "wide" on the sled. So I brought out a nicely-painted sled which was given me when a boy—"Shooting-Star."

Such a merry time we had! Nelly and I are great friends, and when we play together I am no older than she. Nelly looked at the trees with their crowns of snow, and, clapping her hands, declared they had their "night-taps" on!

After a while we stopped to rest in the sun under the shelter of a cluster of pines. These were as green as in summer, and, in contrast with the snow, looked exceedingly pretty.

"These are 'ittle trees," said Nelly.

"Yes," said I, wondering what was in her thought.

"Be they the child of the great ones?" she asked, after a pause.

I kissed her sweet lips and said, "Yes, Nelly," while a tear of love and joy dimmed my eyes.

Suddenly there came from the bushes a little flock of snow-birds. They rested on the snow a little distance from Nelly's seat, and hopped about very briskly, pecking here and there with great industry. Nelly's countenance is a mirror of her thoughts. I have learned to watch its varying expression, to note the little clouds and bright glances. I saw she was troubled. There was a cloud on her sweet face and tears in her bright eyes.

"The poor 'ittle birdies!" she said half musingly. Then she called to them as she had called her chickens by the door. "Tome here, 'ittle birdies," she would say with her sweet, winning voice, till I almost wondered that they did not fly to her. Then she burst into tears and sobbed as though her heart would break. It was time for me to interfere. So I sat down beside her; took her in my arms, and spoke in soothing tones till she could tell that she was crying because the little birds had no home but the snow. When I assured her that they were very happy as they were, she brightened up a little, but could scarcely be convinced that their feet were not "told."

Then I told my little Nelly that God had made them for just the life they were living; that he had fitted them for the storm and snow; that he had given them warm feathers and tough little bodies to withstand the cold; that they loved to peck in the snow as well as she loved to slide upon it; that if my own little Nelly should lose mother and father and home, the same loving Being would care for her as He had cared for the "birdies." And I tried to explain that the kindness of her father and mother came from the same great Heart, and that if we should be taken from her, she might rest her sorrow in *His* bosom. She is quick to understand, and, looking into my face, she frankly acknowledged that He was "dood."

After that we frolicked all the way home. She told her mother the story of the "poor birdies," and the lesson I had given her, while I thanked my Father in heaven for the promise of the treasure he had given us.

I am a man, but my little Prattler teaches me many a lesson, and makes me better always.

This was written in the winter-time. The snow melted—flowers sprang up. The summer went by; and now, when the snow has come again, it lies white and cold upon dear little Nelly's grave.

GATHERING PRIMROSES.

BY LUILLA CLARK.

JESSIE, when the sweet May blossoms
Flecked the valley-lands with snow,
With her basket went one morning
Where the pale primroses grow—
Why she went, ah, who shall know?

Robins cheered her from the lilacs,
And the sunshine warm and bright
Dropped its benedictions on her—
And her heart was bounding light—
Happy Jessie! well it might.

All along her path the violets
Lifted up their genial eyes,
Smiling on her, and she wondered
How they came to be so wise—
And her heart made sweet replies.

All the hedge with dew-drops glittered—
All the grass beneath her feet—
And the larks down in the meadow
Sang a welcome low and sweet—
Welcome for the maiden meet.

One clear rill ran through the meadow,
And it gave a gladdening gleam
When fair Jessie tripped across it,
But the maid was in a dream—
And it lost its laugh—kind stream.

But at last the sweet primroses,
Bathed in sunlight, strewed the ground,
Pretty blossoms! pretty maiden—
Pretty dew-besprinkled mound!
Were the blossoms all she found?

Every body likes primroses—
So 't was nothing strange, you know,
That Abijah Hill should happen
Just that bright May morn to go
Where the pale primroses grow.

And 't was nothing strange that Jessie,
Lifting up her deep-blue eyes
On the radiant face beside her,
Vailed her joy with sweet surprise—
Little Jessie May was wise.

"Now," the youth said, "I will help you;"
Jessie answered, "You are kind,
And for your reward I'll give you
Fairest flower that you shall find."
"Thanks! but *I* shall choose it, mind."

So they plucked the pale primroses,
Plucked them slowly, one by one,
Talking much and laughing gayly
Till the pleasant task was done.
Youth or maiden, did you ever
Gather sweet May blooms, for fun?

"How I wish *you* were a primrose,"
Said Abijah, with a sigh;
"Ah, how queer," said gentle Jessie,
Opening wide her violet eye—
"Wish *I* were a primrose! why?"

"Just because," Abijah answered,
"Mine's the fairest flower, you know;
And I can not choose among them
Where so many fair ones grow—
But were you a primrose, Jessie,
Which was fairest I should know."

"Ah, I wish *I were* a primrose,"
Jessie said, with blushing brow;
"But," the simple maiden added,
"What if you should choose me now?"
So 't was settled—you guess how.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

BY JANE MARIA MEAD.

How earth with all its splendor pales!
I go where heaven's eternal vales
Chime with the hills, and song upwells
Like the sweet tones of Sabbath bells.

O, Paradise! thou crown of God,
Star-gemmed and bought with Jesus' blood—
Sweet Paradise! I would behold
Thy glory, by no seer foretold,

Save what each twilight-tinted pen
In mystic pictures gives to men.
I pine to see thy splendors rise
Upon these dim earth-clouded eyes.

There, New Jerusalem! unfold
Thy gates of pearl and streets of gold:
Ye gates, that shut out death and sin,
Unfold, and let the pilgrim in!

I've traveled far, I've journeyed long,
Whiling the time with prayer and song:
My path lies through a desert land,
With beasts of prey on every hand.

I've battled with the direst foes
That human soul in conflict knows,
But most with that dread monster, sin
Unfold, and let the pilgrim in.

I am aweary, and the day,
Though long, has well-nigh passed away.
I am athirst—O, Lamb Divine,
For life's full river-draughts I pine.

I hunger for the living bread;
I hunger and I must be fed:
As storm-tossed bird that seeks its nest
I come to seek eternal rest,

I come to be thy bridal guest;
I have forsaken earth and sin:
O, bid the gates that guard the blest
Unfold, and let the pilgrim in.

TRIFLES.

THINK naught a trifle, though it small appear;
Sands make the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles, life. Your care to trifles give,
Else you may die ere you have learned to live.

THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

Scripturns Galore.

THE BRAZEN SERPENT; AN EMBLEM OF HEAVEN'S ANTIDOTE IN THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.—"And the Lord said unto Moses, Make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole," etc. *Num. xxi, 8, 9.*

In the third chapter of John, verses fourteen and fifteen, we get a warrant for regarding the extraordinary incident in the text as an illustration of the spiritual state of humanity and Heaven's merciful interposition on its behalf. Regarding it in this light, we observe,

I. THAT THE ANTIDOTE PROVIDED IN THE GOSPEL IS FOR A MOST LAMENTABLE EVIL. The affliction under which the Jews were now suffering resembles sin in three respects. It was *imparted*—they received it from the bite of the serpents. It was *painful*—it was a "fiery" bite. It was *mortal*—multitudes died. Sin, at first, was imparted to man by the great serpent. It was an element of fiery suffering. It produces death. "The wages of sin is death," etc.

But while this affliction of the Jews corresponds in these respects with the spiritual state of mankind, there are points of distinction which should not be overlooked. (1.) One was material, the other is spiritual. (2.) One was a calamity, the other is a crime. (3.) The one would necessarily end in death, the other might continue forever.

II. THAT THE ANTIDOTE PROVIDED IN THE GOSPEL IS DIVINE IN ITS ORIGIN. Who devised the means for healing the Jews? Could the most skillful among them discover any remedy? "God commanded Moses," etc. Who could discover a method for saving souls? It could never enter into the heart of priest or sage. God originated it. "God so loved the world," etc.

There are two or three points of difference between the remedies worthy of remark:

1. *One was apparently arbitrary, the other is manifestly adapted.* Who could discover any fitness between looking at the brazen serpent and relief? But we can see wonderful adaptation in the facts of Christianity to "destroy sin in the flesh."

2. *The one was insensible to the sufferer, the other is filled with sympathy.* That brazen serpent up on the pole there could not feel for the agony of the thousands beneath, who were looking up for help. Christ is full of feeling. "We have not a high-priest that can not be touched with the feelings of our infirmities."

3. *The one was local in its aspect, the other is world-wide in its bearing.* Only the Jews, just in that locality, who were bitten by the serpent, could be healed. To others bitten in other localities it could offer no relief; but the antidote of the Gospel is not for a class, a tribe, or a country, but for the race.

4. *The one was temporary in its efficacy, the other is*

perpetual. Those who might be bitten in the next age would receive no relief from that brazen serpent; but Christ is for all ages. "He ever liveth," etc. "He is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever."

III. THAT THE ANTIDOTE PROVIDED IN THE GOSPEL REQUIRES THE PERSONAL APPLICATION OF THE SUFFERERS. 1. *The personal application is most simple.* The Jew had merely to *look* in order to be healed. The sinner has simply to *believe* in order to be saved. As looking is the easiest act of the body, so faith is the easiest act of the mind. A man can believe everywhere and under all circumstances. Deprive him of every thing, friendship, learning, health, property, liberty; but give him reason and truth and he can believe. 2. *The personal application is most unmeritorious.* No Jew could refer his healing to the merit of his act. He could not take any credit to himself for what he did; nor can a man attach the idea of merit to his faith, simply because the act implies no good conferred on another, but all on one's self. 3. *The personal application is the most indispensable.* Those who did not *look* died. Those who will not believe will be "damned." Fancy an afflicted Jew refusing to *look* because he could not understand the *rationale* of the means. While he is speculating death approaches, and he falls a lifeless corpse; whereas others by his side *look* implicitly, and are healed. This is not more absurd than to see men speculating about the Gospel, while others, with simple-hearted faith, *look* and are saved. 4. *This personal application is ever efficacious.* Every afflicted Jew that looked, however virulent his case, was healed. Every man who believes in Christ, however aggravated and numerous his sins, is saved. "He is able to save to the uttermost all that come to God by him."

THE ONE QUESTION OF HUMANITY, AND ITS MANY ANSWERS.—"If a man die, shall he live again?" *Job xii, 14.*

I. THE ONE QUESTION.

1. *It has always been asked.* In all periods of history it has been proposed; time has not diminished its interest; it will always spring naturally from man's heart.

2. *It is asked every-where.* It is the question of all nations and of all conditions of men. It is universal—an eminently-human question.

3. *It arises in varied circumstances.* The brevity and the vicissitudes of life, the sufferings of the good, and the prosperity of the wicked; premature deaths, bereavement, and the expectation of our own dissolution suggest it.

4. *It is asked with different feelings.* With despair—the atheist. With hope and desire—"To be or not to

be, that is the question." "Whence comes this pleasing hope, this fond desire, this longing after immortality?" With terror—the murderer, the tyrant, the impenitent, the backslider. It is asked in triumph, "Art thou not from everlasting to everlasting, O God, mine holy one?" We shall not die. The fact that this question is asked, and so asked, is significant. Does not the instinct imply something which corresponds with it?

II. THE MANY ANSWERS. *There are three different answers.*

1. *The negative, or that of atheism.* "There is no God, and there can be no immortality." This is an assertion without proof. Who can prove it? This does not satisfy the questioner. The history of the world proves that man will not receive this answer. The French Revolution is eloquent on this subject.

2. *The neutral, or that of secularism.* "We do not know, but it matters not." However, it does matter. Then we can not help feeling interested in it. Secularism will die, but man's interest in immortality will not.

3. *The affirmative, or that of Christianity.* Most men have answered *yes*. But the affirmative responses have greatly varied in tone and import. The answer of Christianity alone is full and assuring. (1.) It is calm and dignified. "I am the resurrection and the life." (2.) It proclaims a complete immortality. According to it the whole of man is to be perpetuated and perfected in eternity. *We shall be like him.* There is a spiritual body. (3.) It is practical. "We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen." (4.) It is holy in its influence. "He that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself, even as he is pure."

THE WHITE STONE.—"To him that overcometh will I give a white stone." *Rev. ii. 17.*

It is generally thought by commentators, says the late Rev. Henry Blunt, that this refers to an ancient judicial custom of dropping a black stone into an urn when it is intended to condemn, and a white stone when the prisoner is to be acquitted; but this is an act so distinct from that described, "I will give thee a white stone," that we are disposed to agree with those who think it refers rather to a custom of a very different kind, and not unknown to the classical reader; according with beautiful propriety to the case before us. In primitive times, when traveling was rendered difficult from want of places of public entertainment, hospitality was exercised by private individuals to a very great extent; of which, indeed, we find frequent traces in all history, and in none more than in the Old Testament. Persons who partook of this hospitality, and those who practiced it, frequently contracted habits of friendship and regard for each other; and it became a well-established custom among the Greeks and Romans to provide their guests with some particular mark, which was handed down from father to son, and insured hospitality and kind treatment wherever it was presented. This mark was usually a small stone or pebble, cut in half, and upon the halves of which the host and the guest mutually inscribed their names, and then interchanged them with each other. The production of this *tessera* was quite sufficient to insure friendship for themselves or descendants whenever they traveled again in the same direction; while it is evident that these stones required to be privately kept, and the names written upon them care-

fully concealed, lest others should obtain the privileges instead of the persons for whom they were intended.

How natural, then, the allusion to this custom in the words of the text, "I will give him to eat of the hidden manna!" and having done, having made himself partaker of my hospitality, having recognized him as my guest, my friend, "I will present him with the white stone, and in the stone a new name written, which no man knoweth, save he who receiveth it." I will give him a pledge of my friendship, sacred and inviolable, known only to himself.

UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE ALMIGHTY.—"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." *Psa. xc. 1.*

To say a person is under the shadow of a great man, means he is under his protection. "O, my lord, all the people are against me; they are pursuing me as the tiger: let me come under your *unne*" that is, shadow. "Ay, ay, the fellow is safe enough now he has crept under the shadow of the king." "Begone, miscreant, thou shalt not creep under my shadow." "Many years have I been under the shadow of my father; how shall I now leave it?" "Gone, forever gone, is the shadow of my days!" says the lamenting widow.

A THOUSAND YEARS AS YESTERDAY.—"For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night." *Psa. xc. 4.*

It is evident in the Scriptures, that besides these cares, they had watchmen who used to patrol in their streets; and it is natural to suppose that they were these people that gave them notice how the seasons of the night passed away. I am indebted for this thought to Sir John Chardin. He observes, in a note on Psalm xc, 4, that as the people of the east have no clocks, the several parts of the day and of the night, which are eight in all, are given notice of. In the Indies, the parts of the night are made known as well by instruments of music, in great cities, as by the rounds of the watchmen, who, with cries and small drums, give them notice that a fourth part of the night is passed. Now, as these cries awaked those who had slept all that quarter part of the night, it appeared to them but as a moment.

It is apparent the ancient Jews knew how the night passed away, which must probably be by some public notice given them; but whether it was by simply publishing at the close of each watch, what watch was then ended; or whether they made use of any instruments of music in this business, may not be easily determinable; and still less what measures of time the watchmen made use of.

READING OF THE LAW.—"And as his custom was, he went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read." *Luke iv. 16.*

The custom of reading the Scriptures publicly was an appointment of Moses, according to the Jews. It was also usual to stand at reading the law and the prophets. Some parts of the Old Testament were allowed to be read sitting or standing, as particularly the book of Esther. Common Israelites, as well as priests and Levites, were allowed to read the Scriptures publicly. Every Sabbath day seven persons read; a priest, a Levite, and five Israelites. And it is said to be a known custom to this day, that even an unlearned priest reads before the greatest wise man in Israel.

Fables and Stories.

ORIGIN OF BLANK VERSE.—A correspondent of the English Notes and Queries says that the first use of blank verse in the English language is not due to Lord Surrey, as is generally supposed. He asserts that it was used many years before by Chaucer, and in proof says that the "Tale of Melibœus" and the "Persones Tale," though printed in prose, are actually blank verse. In proof of this he quotes the following specimens from each. The "Tale of Melibœus" commences thus:

"A yonge man, called Melibœus,
Mighty and riche, begot upon his wife,
That called was Prudens, a daughter which
That called was Sophie. Upon a day
Byfet that, for his dispot, he is went
Into the feldes him to play. His wife
And daughter eke hath he left within his house
Of which the dorës werë fast. Thither," etc.

The "Persones Tale" thus commences:

"Nore swetè Lord, God of hevin, that no man
Wil perische, but wol that uncomon alle
To the knowlech of him, and to the blisful life
That is perdurable, admonisheth us
By the prophet Jeremye, that saith in this wise,
Standeth upon the wayes and seeth and axeth
Of oldd pathes, that is saym, of old
Sentence, which is the goodè way, and walketh," etc.

SIMILARITY OF SENTIMENT BETWEEN JAMES I AND ROBERT BURNS.—

"In the reign of King James the First it is said that titles were not always well placed; which made an extravagant young fellow very smart upon a courtier whom he desired to move the king to make him a lord. . . . The king demanded what reasons there were against the man's being made a lord; the courtiers insisted that 'he was a mean, obscure person, and not so much as a gentleman.' 'O! it is no matter for that,' replies the monarch merrily, 'I can make a lord, though I can not make a gentleman.'"—*Scottish Jests and Anecdotes*.

So of Burns:

"A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that."
Song—"For a' that, and a' that."

Eng. Notes and Queries.

ANECDOTE OF OLIVER CROMWELL.—In The Treasury of Wit, by John Pinkerton, F. S. A.—published under the fictitious name of H. Bennet, M. A.—London, 1786, Vol. II, p. 149, is given the following anecdote of Oliver Cromwell, which I do not find to be noticed by any of the Glasgow historians, nor recorded of him by his numerous biographers, so far as I have observed, and perhaps some of the readers of "Notes and Queries" may know the authority from which Mr. Pinkerton had it:

"Oliver Cromwell, while carrying on war in Scotland, was riding near Glasgow at the head of a body of horse. A Scotch soldier, planted on a high wall, took the opportunity to fire at him, but missed him. Oliver, without slackening or drawing

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his rein, turned round and said, 'Fellow, if any trooper of mine had missed such a mark he should have had a hundred lashes.' He did not even order the man to be seized, and he made his escape."

This, remarks Mr. Pinkerton, was "a rare example of true courage."—*Eng. Notes and Queries*.

PORSON'S EPIGRAM ON THE GERMANS.—Dr. Porson had wit as well as vanity. In evidence read his epigram on the Germans:

"These Germans in Greek
Are sadly to seek:
They know no more meter
Than Paul did or Peter;
Except perhaps Hermann,
And Hermann 's a German!"

CAMPBELL'S SENTINEL STARS.—Is not Campbell's line,

"And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky,"

a mistake in terms? Do the sentinels set the watch? Is it not the general who, by the proper routine, sets the watch, and the watch which places the sentinels? I know nothing of these matters, but my ear refuses the phrase of a sentinel *setting* any watch, unless indeed in his private capacity he should set his own. M.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.—The following lines have been sent to us as another answer to the query on the subject: "Have the Ten Commandments ever been condensed into ten lines of poetry?" They may be found in the "Columbian Spelling-Book," formerly used in the common schools of southern New York:

"Thou shalt have no gods but me;
Before no idol bow thy knee;
Take not the name of God in vain;
Nor dare the Sabbath day profane;
Give both thy parents honor due;
Take heed that thou no murder do;
Abstain from words and deeds unclean;
Nor steal, though thou art poor and mean;
Nor make a willful lie nor love it;
What is thy neighbor's dare not covet."

MULEY.—The word may be derived from the verb "*to mew*" which is applied to snakes shedding their skin, birds molting their feathers, and deers losing and renewing their horns. As these cattle may be thought to have lost their horns, or *mewed* them, they may have obtained the name of *mewly*, or *muley*. Cæsar—*De Bello Gallico*, vi, 27—in speaking of the animals found in the Hercynian forest, says: "Sunt item quæ appellantur alces. Harum est consimilis capreis figura et varietas bellum: sed magnitudine paulo antecedunt, *multilacque sunt cornibus*," etc. Whatever animals these alces were, they were devoid of horns; and this word *mutilus*, signifying "devoid of," may be the etymon of *muley*.

S. W. W.

DIVINE PRESCIENCE.—Does the Bible declare that God foreknows the choice of free agents? asks J. L. E. in the October number. Now, taking for granted that the querist admits man to be a free agent, even if the Bible does not in express terms teach the dogma, it yet

implies and takes for granted God's prescience of the choice of free agents as much as it implies and takes for granted his existence. That which is absolutely dependent for its existence on a condition, and which yet exists, is decisive proof that the condition exists. Prophecies as to how men would act in future ages, and which history proves to have been fulfilled to the letter, would be impossible did not God foreknow the choice of free agents: many such prophecies exist; therefore God foreknows the choice of free agents. And this is as good proof of the dogma as if the Bible said God foreknows the choice of free agents. But in very fact who could want a more express affirmation that God foreknows the choice of free agents than this text—Matthew xxvi, 34—"Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee that this night before the cock crow thou shalt deny me thrice?"

J. P. L.

ACADEMY DELLA CRUSCA.—Crusca is an Italian term, signifying *bran*; hence the Academy *della Crusca*, or the *Bran* Academy, which was established in 1582, at Florence, for purifying and perfecting the Tuscan language. Its device is a sieve, and its motto, *Il piu bel fior ne coglie*; that is, it gathers the finest flour thereof. In the hall where the academy meets every thing bears allusion to the name and device; the seats are in the form of a baker's basket, their backs being like a shovel for moving corn; the cushions, of gray satin, are in the form of sacks, or wallets; and the branches for lights resemble sacks.

NABOB.—This word is derived from *nawab*, the plural of *naib*, a deputy or lieutenant; but in the popular language of India, from which the word has come to us, the plural is used for the singular. Sir T. Herbert, whose Travels were published in 1634, spells the word *nabobb*, and defines it, "a nobleman in the language of the Mogul's kingdom, which hath mixed up with it much of the Persian." The word applied to a wealthy man returning from India seventy-five years back is very familiar.

A GENERATION.—A generation is the interval of time that elapses between the birth of a father and the birth of his son, and was generally used in computing considerable periods of time, both in sacred and profane history. The interval of a generation is consequently of uncertain length, and depends on the standard of human life, and whether the generations are reckoned by eldest, middle, or youngest sons. Thirty-three years have usually been allowed as the mean length of generation, or three generations for every hundred years. In compiling pedigrees great attention is necessary to the number of generations in any given period, as they form a guide to the probability of persons having sprung from any particular individual.

PARSONS.—As to the origin of this word Selden says, in his "Table Talk," "Though we write parson differently, yet 't is but person; that is, the individual person set apart for the service of such a Church; and 't is in Latin *persona*—and *personatus* is a personage."

In England parsons were commonly called "Sir." Many instances of this might be given. Sir John Hawkins says that anciently Sir "was the common designation both of one in holy orders and of a knight." Fuller, in his Church History, says, that "anciently

there were in England more sirs than knights;" and so lately as the time of William and Mary, in a deposition to the Exchequer, in a case of tithes, the witness, speaking of the common curate, whom he remembered, styles him "Sir Giles."

CURIOS ORIGIN OF SOME WORDS.—Dr. Latham, in his Grammar, gives curious instances of the misspelling of words arising from their sound, which error has led to the production not only of a form, but of a meaning very different from the original. Thus, *Dent de lion*, originally referring to the root, has been corrupted into *dandylion*, having reference to the flaunting aspect of the flower. *Contre-dance* has become *country dance*. *Shamefastness*, originally referring to the attire, has been converted into *shamefacedness*, and applied to the countenance. *Cap-d-pié* has produced *apple-pie* order. *Folio capo*, Italian for the first sized sheet, has produced *foolscap*. *Asparagus*, *sparrowgrass*; *Girasole artichoke*, *Jerusalem artichoke*. *Masaniello*, the name of the famous Neapolitan rebel and the hero of the opera, is nothing but *Mas-Aniello*, a corruption of the true name *Thomas Aniello*. *Hogoumont*, famous in the annals of Waterloo, is properly *Chateau Goumont*.

NO ROYAL ROAD TO GEOMETRY.—Euclid, who opened a school of mathematics at Alexandria, in the reign of the first Ptolemy, was once asked by that sovereign whether he could not explain his art to him in a more compendious way; to which Euclid made the celebrated answer, that there was no royal road to geometry.

ARABIC PROVERBS.—Every day of thy life is a leaf of thy history.

Temperance is a tree whose root is contentment with little, and whose feast is calmness and peace.

Wisdom is better than riches: wisdom guards thee; but thou hast to guard thy riches: riches diminish in the using; but wisdom increases in the use of it.

The beginning of anger is foolishness, and its end repentance.

Life is like a fire: it begins in smoke and ends in ashes.

Measure the water's depth before you plunge into it.

If the moon be with thee, what needest thou care about the stars?

Throw not a stone into the well from which thou drinkest.

That is thy world in which thou findest thyself.

When the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve.

Riches increase in proportion as we give to those that need.

Be diligent, and God will send profit.

NUMBERING HOUSES IN STREETS.—I would be glad to know where, when, and by whom the prevailing system of numbering the houses in our streets was introduced—the *odd* numbers being on one side, and the *even* on the other. I am under the impression that it originated in Aberdeen, where some fifty years ago the houses were not numbered; but soon after the present system was introduced, and appears to have been gradually adopted in other places.—*Eng. Notes & Queries*.

QUERY.—*Funerals*.—When did funeral discourses for non-professors as well as professors of Christianity begin to be preached? or how did the present practice come about?

J. P. L.

Boys and Girls' Repository.

THE LITTLE OUTCAST, OR ANGELS UNAWARES.—"Did he mean *real* angels?" said a bright boy in our Sunday school class many, many years ago. He had just read the following passage in our lesson for the day: "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers; for thereby some have entertained angels unawares." This gave occasion for the explanation that the word "angels" might mean ministers of good as well as angelic visitors, and that this good might come in ways unexpected and in times long after we had done the good deed. This incident of the long ago came rushing back upon us as with the freshness of yesterday while reading the story of the little outcast. And now we give both incident and story for the benefit of our young readers:

"May n't I stay, ma'am? I'll do any thing you give me—cut wood, go after water, and do all your errands."

The troubled eyes of the speaker filled with tears. It was a lad that stood at the outer door, pleading with a kindly-looking woman, who still seemed to doubt his good intentions.

The cottage sat by a bleak moor, or what in Scotland would have been called such. The time was near the end of November, the fierce wind rattled the boughs of the only naked tree near the house and fled with a quivering sound into the narrow door-way, as if seeking for warmth at the blazing fire within.

Now and then a snow-flake touched with its soft chill the cheek of the listener, or whitened the angry redness of the poor boy's benumbed hands.

The woman was evidently loth to grant the boy's request, and the peculiar look stamped upon his features would have suggested to any mind an idea of depravity far beyond his years.

But her mother's heart could not resist the sorrow in those large, but not handsome gray eyes.

"Come in, at any rate, till the gudeman come hame; there, sit down by the fire; you look perishing with cold," and she drew a rude chair up to the warmest corner, then, suspiciously glancing at the child from the corner of her eyes, she continued setting the table for supper.

Presently came the tramp of heavy shoes, the door swung open with a quick jerk, and the "gudeman" presented himself weary with labor.

A look of intelligence passed between his wife and himself—he, too, scanned the boy's face with an expression not evincing satisfaction, but nevertheless made him come to the table, and then enjoyed the zeal with which he dispatched his supper.

Day after day passed, and yet the boy begged to be kept "only till to-morrow;" so the good couple, after due consideration, concluded that so long as he was docile and worked so heartily they would retain him.

One day in the middle of winter a peddler, long accustomed to trade at the cottage, made his appearance and disposed of his goods readily, as he had been waited for.

"You have a boy out there splitting wood, I see," he said, pointing to the yard.

"Yes; do you know him?"

"I have seen him," said the peddler evasively.

"And where?—who is he?—what is he?"

"A jail bird!" and the peddler swung his pack over his shoulder; "that boy, young as he looks, I saw him in court myself and heard his sentence—ten months; he's a hard one—you'd do well to look keener after him."

Oh! there was something so horrible in the word "jail," the poor woman trembled as she laid away her purchases, nor

could she be easy till she had called the boy in and assured him that she knew the dark part of his history.

Ashamed and distressed the child hung down his head; his cheeks seemed bursting with his hot blood; his lip quivered, and anguish was painted vividly upon his forehead, as if the words were branded in his flesh.

"Well," he muttered, his whole frame relaxing as if a burden of guilt or joy had suddenly rolled off, "I may as well go to ruin at once—there's no use in my trying to be better—every body hates and despises me—nobody cares about me. I may as well go to ruin at once."

"Tell me," said the woman, who stood off far enough for flight, if that should be necessary, "how came you to go so young to that dreadful place? Where was your mother?"

"O!" exclaimed the boy, with a burst of grief that was terrible to behold, "O! I ha' n't got any mother—O! I ha' n't had no mother ever since I was a baby. If I'd only had a mother," he continued, his anguish growing vehement, and the tears gushing out of his strange-looking gray eyes, "I would n't a been bound out, and kicked, and cuffed, and laid on with whips; I would n't a been saucy, and got knocked down, and then run away, and stole because I was hungry. O! I ha' n't got no mother—I have n't had no mother since I was a baby!"

The strength was all gone from the poor boy, and he sank on his knees sobbing great choking sobs, and rubbing the hot tears away with his knuckles. And did that woman stand there unmoved? Did she coldly bid him pack up and be off—the jail bird?

No, no—she had been a mother, and, though all her children slept under the cold sod in the church-yard, was a mother still.

She went up to that boy, not to hasten him away, but to lay her fingers kindly, softly on his head—to tell him to look up, and from henceforth *find her a mother*. Yes, she even put her arms about the neck of that forsaken, deserted child—she poured from her mother's heart sweet womanly words—words of counsel and tenderness.

O! how sweet was her sleep that night—how soft was her pillow! She had linked a poor suffering heart to hers by the most silken—the strongest bands of love. She had plucked some thorns from the path of a little sinning but thriving mortal. None but angels could witness her holy joy and not envy.

Did the boy leave her?

Never—he is with her still; a vigorous, manly, promising youth. The low character of his countenance has given place to an open, pleasing expression, with depth enough to make it an interesting study. His foster father is dead, his good foster mother aged and sickly, but she knows no want. The once poor outcast is her only dependence, and nobly he repays the trust.

"He that saveth a soul from death, hideth a multitude of sins."

HOW HEATHEN MOTHERS TREAT THEIR CHILDREN.—We clip the following from an English magazine. Our little readers will learn from it how heathen mothers treat their children. Shall we not send the Gospel to them for the sake of these poor little children?

The tents of some English soldiers were pitched in a lonely part of India, and the night was dark, when an officer's lady thought she heard a child crying. The lady sent her servants out to look, and at last they brought in a little girl of four years old. And where do you think they found her? Buried up to her throat in a bog, her little head alone peeping out. And who put her there? Her mother. And she had left her helpless little one there to die. You see how cruelly mothers

in India sometimes treat their children. Their religion *teaches* them to be cruel.

WHEN A CHILD SHOULD GIVE HIS HEART TO GOD.—Children, especially Sunday school children, when you read the story below tell us—no, say to yourself, which of the four scholars gave the best answer:

A young lady in a Sabbath school asked her class, "How soon a child should give his heart to God?" One little girl said, "When thirteen years old;" another, "Ten;" another, "Six." At length the last child spoke: "Just as soon as we know who God is."

MY SEVENTH BIRTHDAY.—The following verses were written for "Nellie" on her *seventh* birthday. Some of our little readers will soon reach their seventh birthday:

I am seven! I am seven!
Seven years old this very day!
Happy, happy years of childhood,
O how quick you pass away!

Though you seem so long in coming,
Yet you fly so swiftly past,
If I would, a single moment
I can never hold you fast!

I am seven! I am seven!
Seven years old this very day!
And there is a blissful heaven,
When my life has past away;

Let me seek it! let me seek it!
And this very day begin;
Help me, Lord, to love and serve thee,
And forever cease from sin!

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF CHILDREN.—Sometimes a whole volume of wisdom is concentrated in a single sentence, uttered with quaint simplicity by a little child. Their views are taken without the mist and film of worldly interest and prejudice and uttered without the constraints of social conventionalities:

Cars Crying.—One day last spring, before little Mamie had completed her third year, she was with her mother in Central Park; the cars were in sight, but the machine was out of order—and such a noise as the whistle made! It seemed enough to frighten all sense and wit away. But not so. Said Mamie, "O, mamma, poor cars crying!" She saw they stood still, and again the whistle's horrid scream fell upon her ear. "O, mamma, poor cars crying because they can't walk!"

R. J.

Keep a Coal Yard, too.—A gentleman of Boston, proprietor of a coal yard, was endeavoring, a few days ago, to impress upon the mind of his son—a little fellow five or six years old—something of the character of God. Among other things, he told him he was his Father in heaven, and if his earthly parent should die, he would still have a heavenly Father to care for and protect him. The little fellow was all attention—evidently interested and pleased at the idea of having two fathers, and looking up, he inquired earnestly if his "Father in heaven kept a coal yard, too?"

Maggie's Gleanings.

THE INVISIBLE BRIDGE.—No man ever dreamed so instructively and to so good a purpose perhaps as Bunyan. There is something in the nature of dreams which, though few profess to believe in them, yet seem so related to the spirit-land that they excite interest and awaken attention. The dreams of Bunyan have led multitudes to reflection, and to seek their final home in heaven. Whatever is illustrative of our **duty**, and helps to inspire confidence in God and faith in the sure promises of his word is of abiding interest. If the following dream shall lead any one to enter on a new life by entering the narrow way and crossing the invisible bridge, the dream will not have been told in vain. It is related by the Rev. Mr. Baker in a volume published not long since:

A man dreamed once that he was going along in the broad road, and Satan was dragging him down to hell; alarmed, he cried for help, and suddenly one appeared in a lovely form, and said, "Follow me." Immediately Satan vanished, and in his dream the man thought he followed the heavenly one in a straight and narrow way till he came to a river, where he saw no bridge. Pointing in a certain direction, the angel said, "Pass over that bridge."

"I see no bridge," said the man.

"Yes, there is a bridge, and you must pass over it, for there is no other, and heaven is beyond."

Looking more narrowly the dreamer saw what appeared to be a hair extending from one bank of the river to the other bank.

"Pass over on that," said the angel.

"O, now can I?" said the man, "it is too slender, and can not sustain me."

"It will sustain you. I am from above, I lie not, and I give you my word it will sustain you."

And now, while the man was trembling and afraid to venture, he thought that Satan again seized upon him to drag him down to hell. Urged by necessity he put his foot upon the bridge, slender as it appeared, and found it solid plank—a substantial bridge, and he went over safely and entered shouting into the heavenly world.

Now the awakened sinner, under Divine influence, is brought, so to speak, to the bank of the river. Heaven is beyond. He asks how he can reach that happy world. He is told he must believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and he shall be saved; but this promise is not enough, it appears as only the hair extended from one bank of the river to the other bank. The sinner wants something more substantial; but this is the bridge which must take him over, and there is no other. And, slender as the bridge of Divine promise may appear in his eyes, only let him venture upon it, and he shall know that it is strong enough to sustain millions.

NECESSITY OF SLEEP AND EFFECTS OF ITS LOSS.—To those—especially students—who are in the habit of "saving time" by robbing themselves of sleep, we commend the following:

There is no fact more clearly established in the physiology of man than this, that the brain expends its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that those are recuperated during sleep. If the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain withers from the exhaustion, and this is called insanity.

Thus it is that, according to English history, persons who were condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping, always died raving maniacs. Thus it is, also, that those who are starved to death become insane—the brain is not nourished, and they can not sleep. The practical inferences are these:

1. Those who think most—who do most brain work—require most sleep.

2. Time saved from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body, and estate.

3. Give yourself, your children, your servants, give all that are under you, the fullest amount of sleep they will take by compelling them to go to bed at some regular early hour, and to rise the moment they awake, and, within a fortnight, nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloose the bands of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system.

This is the only safe and sufficient rule, and as to the question how much sleep any one requires, each must be a rule for himself; great nature will never fail to write it out to the observer under the regulations just given.

THE STATUES AND PAINTINGS IN WASHINGTON.—Mr. Garnett, of Virginia, thus criticises the statues and paintings of Washington. The question before the house was an appropriation of nine thousand dollars for the inclosure of the circle in which Clark Mills's last statue stands. Mr. Garnett moved as a proviso "that the opprobrium of American art, purporting to be an equestrian statue of Washington, shall be removed and melted down, and the bronze sold to defray in part the expenses of inclosing the circle." He then said:

Mr. Chairman, in the last sixty odd years the memory of the father of his country has been harassed by Fourth of July orations, and by disgraceful statues and monuments all over the country, and by pictures such as that wretched daub which we see there in the corner of this hall. Not many years ago we placed him in almost naked condition out in these grounds to endure the hot sun of summer and the cold frosts of winter. And not content with thus pillorying him in the public grounds, we have now mounted him on what purports to be a horse, but what any gentleman who has been accustomed to see horses will pronounce to be an intolerable beast. But not content with that, this so-called artist has placed him in a position in which it would be impossible for any rider to continue in his seat for two consecutive minutes. The horse is rearing, while the rider, instead of leaning forward, is falling back, about to pitch backward over the thing intended for the horse's tail. I think it great ingratitude on the part of the American people to keep their "father" in such a position any longer. That figure, sir, is a caricature of every lineament of his face and every feature of his form, and I do hope that Congress, if it means to pass this amendment at all, will, before they inclose this circle with an iron railing, take down this wretched abortion.

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.—M. Retzius, a scientific man, who died recently in London, gave a remarkable example of the force of the ruling passion strong in death. On his dying bed he made his observations on the approaching dissolution of his body. His last words were:

The struggle of death is hard, but it is of the highest interest to note this wrestle between life and death; now the muscles of the bowels cease their function; the last struggle must be heavy, but for all that it is highly interesting.

A PICTURE OF DEATH.—The phenomenon of death is thus painted by Dr. Holmes in one of his monthly papers:

By the stillness of the sharpened features, by the blankness of the tearless eye, by the fixedness of the smileless mouth, by the deadening tints, by the contracted brow, by the dilating nostril, we know that the soul is soon to leave its mortal tenement, and is already closing up its windows and putting out its fires.

WALT WHITMAN'S POETRY; OR, A TRAVESTY NOT UNWORTHY THE ORIGINAL.—To appreciate the following the reader should have seen "the original," a

volume of which has recently been published, and duly advertised as "*the great American poem.*" Nevertheless, the point will not be dimly seen:

I happy myself.

I am considerable of a man. I am some. You also are some. We all are considerable, all are some.

Put all of you and all of me together, and agitate our parties by rubbing us all up into eternal smash, and we should still be some.

No more than some, but no less.

Particularly some, some particularly, some in general, generally some, but always some without mitigation. Distinctly some.

O, ensemble! O, quelque-chose!

THE COMMON FRIENDSHIP OF THE WORLD.—The following is a sad picture. Alas! that it should have any foundation in fact:

The common friendship of the world is the most corrupt and selfish thing imaginable. It is the pursuit of individual aims under the guise of pretended attachment; it is the homage which the poor and humble pay to the purse-proud and rich, and consists of cringing and degrading servilities based upon appurtenances *in spe*.

Let us have no friendships such as these, in which duplicity is the condition, submission the tribute, and dishonor the sacrifice.

AN OLD TRUTH IN A NEW FORM.—A recent homilist thus sets an old truth in a new and impressive form:

The actions of man form his own funeral procession; they accompany him to the tomb, return not back, like his relatives and friends after the funeral, but enter the tomb with him, and go on with him to the tribunal of the Almighty, and there witness for him, whether for good or evil, and it is from their testimony that his sentence is pronounced of death or life eternal.

HARD TO ENDURE THINKING.—Yes, it is hard for the wicked to endure thinking. Reflection makes him miserable. He can not bear to think.

A convict on being removed from one prison to another was asked how he liked his new home.

"Not at all," was his reply.

"Are you not clothed and fed as well here?"

"Yes, better."

"Is your labor harder?"

"No, not so hard."

"Are you not treated with kindness?"

"Yes."

"Then why not like it?"

"Because I am allowed to speak to no one. I go to the table, and sit and think; I go about my work all day to think, and at night the iron door shuts me in my solitary cell to think, think, think, and I can not endure it."

WISE WORDS OF THE CHINESE.—The Chinese are very fond of pasting scraps from authors upon their houses, shops, and temples. Enter the poorest house in the most miserable village, and, though you will find a want of the commonest necessities of life, you will be sure to see some beautiful maxims written upon scrolls of red paper. These maxims are often finely worded, and full of sense. Here are a few specimens, selected almost at random:

One day is worth three to him who does every thing in order.

Great minds have purposes, others only have wishes.

Who is the greatest liar? He who talks most of himself.

We can do without the world, but we need a friend.

My books speak to my mind, my friend to my heart, heaven to my soul, and all the rest to my ears.

Fillary, Spratt, and Statistical Farms.

THE REBELLION IN CHINA.—This rebellion has now been in progress nearly twelve years. If the reader will open before him a map of the Chinese empire he will see that it is divided into two nearly equal divisions by the river Yang tse Kiang. The southern division up to this river has for some time been under the control of the rebels, and at some points it has been crossed. Of late the rebellion has been exhibiting new vigor. The wealthy city of Soo-Chow, in the vicinity of Shanghai, has succumbed to its power. This gave an opportunity for a delegation of missionaries from the latter place to visit the great leader of the rebellion, Tai-ping-wang. He received them in great state, but treated them with respect, and sent them back in safety. His cousin, and second in command, Kan-wang, is a professing Christian. He proposes to establish Christianity as the religion of the empire, and also Christian civilization. His plan includes railroads, steamboats, post-offices, banks, insurance of fire and life, mitigation of criminal punishments, absolute and entire suppression of opium, medical and educational establishments, etc. The heathen temples are to be converted into places of worship, the Bible is to be the great text-book. Sunday is also to be maintained as a sacred day, and the Protestant form of Christianity recognized. On the whole, it appears that Christianity has much to hope from the rebellion; nothing from the old dynasty. It may be that God is preparing to open a great and effectual door for the Gospel in China through this agency.

REV. R. S. MACLAY AND OUR CHINESE MISSION.—In connection with the above our mission in China assumes new importance. After an absence of thirteen years the Rev. R. S. Maclay, superintendent of the mission, has returned to spend a few months in the United States. He says the missionary work in China is simply a work of evangelizing. The Chinese have their social organization and their literature. The pastors for the work will be raised up eventually from among their own people. The Chinese are even now trained to give in support of religion, for their own religion now costs them far more than the Christian religion would if adopted, and some of their men begin to see and acknowledge the fact.

In addition to Rev. Mr. Maclay and his wife, there are in the mission Rev. Dr. Wentworth, Rev. O. Gibson, Rev. S. L. Baldwin, and Rev. C. R. Martin, with their wives. Dr. Wentworth is well known—a genial, noble-spirited man; O. Gibson, a man of iron nerve and indomitable energy; S. L. Baldwin, a man of sweet spirit, earnest devotion, and of remarkable success in the acquirement and the use of the language. The mission is blessed also with the presence and labors of Misses Rebecca and Sallie H. Woolston, two educated and refined young ladies, who have heroically devoted themselves to the missionary work. They have charge of the Waugh Female Seminary. There are also some seven native helpers who have been raised up on the soil of China to labor for her redemption. Rev. Mr.

Martin and wife have more recently been added to the mission. Mr. Maclay and his estimable lady will return in the spring with a reinforcement. The field is one of large promise.

THE CITY OF LONDON.—London now covers one hundred and twenty-one square miles, having increased three-fold since the year 1800, and bricks and mortar still invade and capture the green fields. The population, according to the report of the Registrar-General, augments at the rate of about one thousand per week—half by birth and half by immigration. Notwithstanding the enormous wealth of the metropolis, it is recorded in the report of the Registrar, as a remarkable fact, that “one in six of those who leave the world die in some one of the public institutions—a work-house, hospital, asylum, or prison. Nearly one in eleven of the deaths is in a work-house.” This shows that poverty follows close at the heels of wealth, and fastens on the multitude with relentless grasp. Every sixth person dies a pauper or a criminal! A sad commentary this upon city life.

CAPUA.—In reading so much about this place, it will be well to bear in mind that the modern city of Capua does not occupy the site of the ancient city of that name, where the energies of Hannibal's troops were so effectually destroyed after a six months' residence. Ancient Capua stood on the spot now occupied by the village of Santa Maria, one of the principal points in the great engagement fought on the first of October. It is nearly two miles south of the Volturno, with which it is connected by railroad and a common highway. Modern Capua is situated on the north side of the river, which is crossed by several bridges. Its population was lately about 16,000, exclusive of the garrison. The battle-field comprised a sort of equilateral triangle, the base extending along the river between Capua and San Angelo, while the apex was at Santa Maria.

TEMPERATURE OF THE RED SEA.—Dr. Buist has lately communicated to the Geographical Society of Bombay some careful observations on the temperature of the Red Sea, without doubt the warmest body of water of its size on the earth. We are told that exactly in its center lies a watery region of terrible heat. This seat of high temperature is situated in a tract rich in volcanic indications, and between 14 and 21 degrees north latitude. Even in winter months the water is seldom less than 80 degrees, and reaches 84 degrees in March and April, and in May sometimes attains to 90 degrees. September, however, is the season of greatest warmth, the temperature of both air and water rising in that month above blood-heat.

ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERY.—A very interesting antiquarian discovery has lately been made public. Gibbon had, long ago in his great work, pointed out as “the most authentic of relics,” the bronze serpent on which was placed the golden tripod made by the Greeks from

the spoils of Xerxes, and dedicated in the temple of Apollo, at Delphi, as related by Herodotus after the battle of Plataea. This was carried to his new capitol by the Emperor Constantine, and, though mutilated by the iconoclastic zeal of the conqueror Mohammed II, it still remains erect in the Hippodrome at Constantinople. As it was difficult to reconcile the present appearance of the monument with the descriptions of ancient authors, some doubts have been thrown on its authenticity; but during the recent occupation of Constantinople by the allied powers in the Crimean war, excavations were made, and the serpent pedestal laid bare to its base, where, by application of chemical solvents, the original Hellenic inscription, recording the names of the Greek states who had fought against the Persians, was recovered. It is in the most Archaic form of Greek writing, well and deeply cut, and written in the boustrophedon manner, in which the lines are read alternately from right to left. The reappearance of a record actually seen and copied by the father of history, and many centuries later by Pausanias, which has been lost to the world ever since, is a remarkable link in the chain of discoveries which have of late gone so strongly to rehabilitate the credit of Herodotus as our main reliance in the history of the ancient world.

LORD ROSSE'S GREAT TELESCOPE.—This is a reflecting telescope; the concave mirror or speculum is 6 feet in diameter, $5\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick at the edges, and 5 inches thick in center, and weighs about three tons. It is composed of copper and tin—126 parts of copper to $57\frac{1}{2}$ of tin. Its focal distance is about 54 feet. It was ground with emery under water by the power of a steam-engine, and the process of grinding occupied six weeks. The whole telescope weighs fifteen tons.

AGASSIZ AND FREMONT.—Prof. Agassiz and Col. Fremont have been elected foreign members of the Prussian order *pour le mérite*, instituted in honor of those who have rendered great services to science and art.

SOUTHERN LADY AUTHORS.—Southern authors have been unusually active and successful during the past year. *Beulah*, by Miss Evans, of Mobile; *Nemesis*, by Marian Harland, of Virginia; *Rutledge*, said to be by a lady of Montgomery, Alabama; the *Household of Bouvierie*, by a lady of Kentucky; the *Black Gauntlet*, a tale of plantation life in South Carolina, by Mrs. Henry R. Schoolcraft, wife of the historian of the Indians, and author of *African Letters*; the *Ladies' Southern Florist*, by Mary C. Keon, of South Carolina; and *Ellen, or, the Fanatic's Daughter*, by Mrs. V. G. Cowden, of Alabama—these make part of the list, which is a tolerably long one, and includes some of the most successful books of the year.

QUEENS OF FRANCE.—Of the royal and imperial wives of France, there are but thirteen out of sixty-seven on whose memory there is no dark stain of sin. Of the fifty-four others, eleven were divorced, two died by the executioner, nine died very young, seven were soon widowed, three were cruelly treated, three were exiled, the characters of three were very bad, and the prisoners and the broken-hearted make up the remainder. Twenty, who were buried at St. Denis, since the time of Charlemagne, were denied the rest of the grave. Their remains were dragged from the tomb,

exposed to the insults of the revolutionary populace, and then flung into a trench and covered with quicklime.

POPULATION OF RUSSIA.—The total population of Russia is 79,000,000. The lower orders, serfs, petty traders, and artisans form a total of 53,500,000, the nobles and the higher guilds of traders about 1,000,000. The nobles still possess 21,000,000 serfs. The population of Siberia, including the wandering tribes of Kasan, Astrakan, and Orenburg, is 4,000,000.

THE 16TH CHAPTER OF MATTHEW IN PAPYRUS.—A literary discovery of some importance has been made at Liverpool, England. A papyrus brought from Thebes by the Rev. Henry Stobart, and now in Mr. Mayer's museum of antiquities, was found to contain the 16th chapter of St. Matthew written in the Greek Uncial character.

SIBERIA.—In this vast, dreary country are about 40,000 Protestants, mostly Lutherans and German Reformed, belonging principally to the German colonies located in various portions of the empire. There are 6,000 Roman Catholics, 4,500,000 members of the Greek Church, a large portion of them deplorably ignorant, and about 2,500,000 idolaters.

SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—The anniversary of this institution, held in the city of Detroit, October 21st and 22d, was an occasion of unusual interest. Sermons relating to the cause were preached in all the churches Sunday morning, and the Sunday schools were addressed in the afternoon. The Sunday school experience meeting, held Monday afternoon, was powerful in its interest. At the anniversary proper, addresses were delivered by Rev. Drs. D. W. Clark and T. M. Eddy, and by Rev. J. H. Vincent. From an abstract of the Annual Report, read by Rev. Dr. Wise, Corresponding Secretary, we gather the following statistics:

Number of schools.....	13,200
Number of teachers and officers.....	145,000
Number of scholars.....	788,000
Publications during the year.....	421,000
Volumes in library—year 1859.....	2,275,373

THE AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.—The following is a condensed statement of the condition of the American Sunday School Union at the present time:

Number of schools now in Union.....	213
Number of pupils taught during the year.....	68,000
Number of new schools added to the Union.....	12
Number of teachers engaged.....	5,100
Number of pupils in no particular Church connection.....	40,000
Number of mission schools (about).....	70
Number of colored children in the schools.....	1,200
Number of pupils in adult Bible classes.....	4,000
Number of pupils in infant classes.....	11,500
Number of volumes in the libraries.....	90,300
Number of conversions during the year.....	328
Whole amount of collections for benevolent purposes.....	\$16,000

MEDALLIONS OF WESLEY AND SHAKSPEARE.—We know of nothing more beautiful in its line than the new medallion of John Wesley. Its sale also has been unprecedented. But it is worthy of still wider circulation. The Messrs. Smith have also a medallion of Shakspeare, got up in the same style. The two—and they do not unfitly go together—make parlor ornaments that are not only beautiful in themselves, but have an instructive lesson.

Editor's Repository.

(1.) **RITUALS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, as Revised by the General Conference Committee of 1856 and 1860.** 8vo. 154 pp. New York: Carlton & Porter.—The attention of the General conference of 1856 was called to the necessity of revising our Church Rituals; and a committee for that purpose was ordered. The Rituals prepared by that committee failed to obtain the sanction of the Bishops for their publication, owing, first, to the ill health of two of their number and the pressure of other official business; and, secondly, to a "doubt" about "the right of the General conference to authorize any change of the Discipline to be made during the interval of its session, except upon constitutional matters referred to the annual conferences for their concurrence."

A new committee was ordered upon the subject at the late session. The changes proposed in the old Rituals, and the new forms prepared, are sufficiently indicated by the following excerpt from the report of this committee:

"The basis of our Church formularies was the prayer-book—abridged by Mr. Wesley from that of the Church of England for the use of his followers in North America. Various abridgments, explanations, and verbal alterations ensued up to 1792. Since then no alteration has been made, except the insertion in 1836 of a short foot-note explaining what is meant by the 'Holy Catholic Church.' Valuable as these formularies have been, and deeply as their utterances have been written upon the hearts of our people, they have not escaped the suspicion that sundry expressions in them savored more or less of old Romanistic doctrines—doctrines at variance with our clearly-defined and well-established theology.

"Again. It has been long felt that suitable formulæ for the laying of the corner-stone and the dedication of a church would contribute much to the interest and impressiveness of these occasions.

"Still further. It has long been a matter of deep regret, that in very many instances so little form and impressiveness accompanied the admission of persons into full membership in the Church. Such an event as this—namely, coming out from the world, assuming the high responsibilities of a public profession of faith in Christ, and uniting with his visible Church—should be so conducted as to leave a deep and lasting impression upon the mind of the person received—an impression not to be effaced till his dying day. Appropriate formulæ for the laying of a corner-stone, the dedication of a church, and for the reception of persons into full membership, have been added."

The committee did not deem it possible for the General conference to examine and adopt the Rituals as revised; but recommended their publication separate from the Discipline, so that they might be freely examined by the Church and come up for adoption in 1864.

The final action was to continue the committee, consisting of Rev. Drs. D. W. Clark, Joseph Holdich, F. Hodgson, F. G. Hibbard, J. T. Mitchell, L. D. Barrows,

and E. Cooke, till 1864; and to direct them to make their final report to the General conference of 1864.

The Agents at New York were also directed to furnish each member of the General conference a copy of the Rituals with the latest revisions. This is the copy referred to at the head of this notice. The object of furnishing these copies was that the committee might receive any suggestions from the members to aid them in making their final report to the General conference of 1864. On this subject any member of the committee may be addressed.

(2.) **CATALOGUE RAISONNÉ. A General and Classified List of the most Important Works in nearly every Department of Literature and Science Published in the United States and England. With a Bibliographical Introduction.** 8vo. 260 pp. Cincinnati: Rickey, Mallory & Co.—This catalogue reflects the highest credit upon the enterprising house that has gotten it up. Notwithstanding some important omissions, it is one of the best works of the kind ever published. The publishers have wisely determined not to attempt a catalogue of *every* book. Such a catalogue would have been worthless from its very bulkiness. But they have included here the *standard* works, and such as are regarded as *authority* in the different departments of human learning. We recommend it as a reliable *vademecum*, or guide for those purchasing books for individual or private libraries. Every minister and every scholar ought to have just such a book by him. Sent by mail for 20 cents.

(3.) **THE LOST MONEY FOUND; or, the Voice of Conscience. Translated from the French. By Miss Julia Colman.** 18mo. 123 pp. Two Illustrations. 22 cents.

(4.) **BENJIE AND HIS FRIENDS; or, Coming Up and Going Down. By Mrs. C. M. Edwards.** 18mo. 196 pp. Three Illustrations. 30 cents.

(5.) **PRETTY STORIES FOR A LITTLE BOY; or, a Mother's Gift to her Dear Boy.** Square 18mo. 101 pp. Three Illustrations. 30 cents.

(6.) **SELF-WILLED SUSIE AND HER SISTER LENA; or, the Girl that wanted to have her own Way.** 18mo. 150 pp. Three Illustrations. 25 cents.

(7.) **ROSA'S FOURTH OF JULY, ANTONIO AND HIS ANGEL, and KITTY'S DREAM.** By the Author of "Daisy Down." 18mo. 85 pp. Four Illustrations. 20 cents.

(8.) **WHAT CATHERINE DID, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.** 18mo. 109 pp. Three Illustrations. 22 cents.

The above are recent issues from the Sunday School Union. They will be choice acquisitions to any Sunday school library.

(9.) **CLERGYMAN'S POCKET DIARY AND VISITING-BOOK.** Arranged by James Porter, D. D.—One of the neatest and most convenient things; admirably adapted to its purpose. New York: Carlton & Porter. 50 cents.

(10.) **A NEW PORTFOLIO.**—Our thanks are due to Messrs. Carlton & Porter for a highly-useful as well as

beautiful and substantial portfolio. We shall subject it to the test of practical application. Letter size, \$1.40; cap, \$1.50. Discount to preachers.

(11.) **LIFE AND LETTERS OF MRS. EMILY C. JUDSON.** By A. C. Kendrick, Professor of Greek Literature in the University of Rochester. 12mo. 426 pp. New York: Sheldon & Co. Cincinnati: G. S. Blanchard.—This is one of the rarest and richest biographies lately issued from the press. We know of no name that attaches to itself a wider or deeper sympathy than that of the lamented Mrs. Judson. Her maiden name was the exceedingly-unpoetical one of Chubbuck, and her childhood was passed in extreme poverty. Indeed, so great was the poverty of her father that he was compelled to place her, though extremely frail and delicate, in a woolen factory at the early age of ten years. Associated with her life-experiences here were, ever afterward, the recollections of "noise and filth, bleeding hands and aching feet, and a very sad heart." Four years later she became a teacher in a district school; and at the age of twenty-two we find her first as pupil then as teacher in the "Utica Female Academy." Her early life is a splendid example of genius struggling with poverty and constitutional disability, and overcoming both by the inherent force of its native character. Her subsequent career was upon a broader, more public arena; but not more sublime.

We have not space for further notice here; but must lay the volume under contribution for the pages of some future number.

(12.) **RHETORICAL PRAXIS.** *The Principles of Rhetoric Exemplified and Applied in Copious Exercises for Systematic Practice, Chiefly in the Development of the Thoughts. For Use in Schools and Colleges.* By H. N. Day. 12mo. 309 pp. Cincinnati: Moore, Wilstach, Keys & Co.—This book seems to have had its origin in the notion, on the part of its author, that our existing systems of rhetoric leave the development of the thought entirely out of view, and make style the first and the last thing in the study of rhetoric. His aim has therefore been to produce a *guide for the unfolding of the thought*. As to his premises, he has unquestionably stated the case too strongly against the rhetoricians. The conclusion, however, though coming from questionable premises, is a very good and practical book.

(13.) **FORTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE IN SUNDAY SCHOOLS.** By S. H. Tyng, D. D. 18mo. 261 pp. New York: Sheldon & Co.—This is a reprint of Dr. Tyng's letters recently published in "The Independent."

(14.) **COMMENTARY ON THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS.** By Moses Stuart, Late Professor of Sacred Literature in the Theological Seminary at Andover. Edited and Revised by R. D. C. Robbins, Professor in Middleburg College. Fourth Edition. 12mo. 575 pp. Andover: Warren F. Draper.—In revising the original work of Professor Stuart, for this edition, the editor has added the results of the investigations of Forster, Davidson, and others, but he has been careful, he says, not to make any alterations in the work that might be at variance with the theological or exegetical views of its author.

(15.) **FORTY YEARS' FAMILIAR LETTERS OF JAMES W. ALEXANDER, D. D.** Constituting, with the Notes, a

Memoir of his Life. Edited by John Hall, D. D. 2 vols. New York: Scribner. 1860.—As a general thing the "lives and letters" of men, whether good or bad, are to be eschewed—left unread. But so far as we have dipped into these volumes, they form an exception to the general rule. The letters abound with fine, manly thought, rich in evangelical sentiment, and beautified by a catholic spirit.

(16.) **LOVE AND PENALTY; or, Eternal Punishment Consistent with the Fatherhood of God.** By Jos. P. Thompson, D. D., Pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle Church. New York: Sheldon & Co.—The germ of this work was a series of Sabbath evening discourses preached by Dr. Thompson to his congregation. The title sufficiently indicates the general scope of the work.

(17.) **DEBATE BETWEEN THE CHURCH AND SCIENCE; or, the Ancient Hebraic Idea of the "Six Days of Creation;" with an Essay on the Literary Character of Tayler Lewis.** Andover: Warren F. Draper. 12mo. 437 pp. Philadelphia: Smith, English & Co.—Some years since Professor Tayler Lewis published a treatise on the "Six Days of Creation," maintaining that the six days of creation were indefinite periods of time. This last work is designed as a vindication of the former.

(18.) **HAND-BOOK OF UNIVERSAL LITERATURE, from the Best and Latest Authorities: Designed for Popular Reading, and as a Text-Book for Schools and Colleges.** By Anne C. Lynch Botta. 12mo. 560 pp. New York: Derby & Jackson.—If the somewhat pretentious title—"Universal Literature"—should conjure up, in the minds of any readers, large stacks of ponderous folios rising up till their summits are lost in the clouds, that wild conceit may be somewhat abated by the significant prefix, "Hand-Book." The author has taken a rapid survey of the field of literature, classifying the different departments, defining the periods and cause of their development, and also giving a sketch of the great thinkers and writers who have contributed to this growth. Mrs. Botta has culled many a beautiful flower from the garden of literature which will meet with cordial recognition from the reader.

(19.) **WOMAN'S EDUCATION** is the theme of an excellent address delivered at the Commencement of Clarksville (Tenn.) Female Academy. By H. N. M'Tyre, D. D.

(20.) **CATALOGUES.**—1. Wesleyan University, Rev. Jos. Cummings, D. D., President, assisted by seven professors. Freshmen, 39; sophomores, 34; juniors, 33; seniors, 29: total, 135.—2. Oneida Conference Seminary, Rev. E. G. Andrews, A. M., Principal, assisted by nine teachers. Number of students—gentlemen, 272; ladies, 256: total, 528.—3. Genesee College and Wesleyan Seminary—President, John M. Reid, D. D.—College, 6 teachers, 130 students; Seminary, 10 teachers, 635 students.—4. Newbury Seminary, Newbury, Vermont, Rev. F. E. King, A. M., Principal, with 9 teachers and 412 pupils.

(21.) **PAMPHLETS.**—Minutes of Michigan Conference for 1860—Bishop Simpson, President, and T. H. Sinex, Secretary.—Minutes of the South-Eastern Indiana Conference—Bishop Baker, President, and T. G. Beharrell, Secretary.—Minutes of Central Ohio Conference—

Bishop Janes, President, and W. L. Harris, Secretary.—Minutes of Western Iowa Conference—Bishop Janes, President, and E. M. H. Fleming, Secretary.—Minutes of the Minnesota Conference—Bishop Scott, President, and Rev. Jabez Brooks, Secretary.—Minutes of the Illinois Conference—Bishop Baker, President, and Rev. Vincent Ridgely, Secretary.

(22.) THE ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL REGISTER OF RURAL AFFAIRS FOR 1860. *Albany: Luther Tucker & Son.* 12mo. 144 pp.—The series of Annual Registers, of which this is the seventh number, contains much useful information with regard to rural matters.

(23.) THE PAPERS OF BLENNERHASSETT, BURR, ETC. By William H. Safford.—This work embodies the private Journal of Herman Blennerhassett, and also the hitherto unpublished correspondence of Burr, Alston, Comfort Tyler, Devereaux, Dayton, Adair, Miro, Emmett, Theodosia Burr Alston, Mrs. Blennerhassett, and others. It develops the purposes and aims of those engaged in the attempted Wilkinson and Burr revolution, together with an account of the "Spanish Association of Kentucky," and a memoir of the ill-starred Blennerhassett. On the whole, it is a singular uncovering of many of the mysteries that have ever been attached to the early and stormy times of Burr and Blennerhassett. It has been long known that Blennerhassett kept a Journal, and was careful of his papers and correspondence. These have at length been obtained by

Mr. Safford from a remaining member of the family, and are now for the first time given to the world. The removal of all the parties directly concerned from the scenes of this life has taken away all motives for further suppression or concealment of these papers. When Burr stood before the nation disgraced and ruined by his foul murder of Hamilton in a duel, he turned his eyes upon our south-western border as a theater for new enterprise, and where his fortunes might be again restored by the founding of a new empire. The principal names associated with him in this movement were James Wilkinson, Jonathan Dayton, John Smith, Samuel Swartwout, and Herman Blennerhassett. The character and fate of these men are noteworthy. Wilkinson was a reckless, dissipated, unprincipled man. Smith was expelled from the United States Senate. Swartwout was notorious as a defaulter, and Dayton as an unprincipled land speculator. The name of Burr is remembered only to be execrated. From these associations Herman Blennerhassett went forth a ruined man, and his wife was buried in the city of New York by the charity of an Irish society. It is a sad, touching story. Crime and folly stare out from its dark pictures; but connected with all there is a mystery, a wildness—nay, a very madness of adventure and a tragedy of termination that make these papers among the most fascinating pages in the history of our country. The work is published by the Messrs. Moore, Wilstach, Keys & Co., of Cincinnati, and makes an octavo of nearly 700 pp.

H u m F u r n i t u r e C a r r y - o u t .

Preparation for the Holidays—Publishing-Houses—The Useful and the Fine Arts—Holiday Books—"Southern Literary Women"—"Loves and Heroines of the Poets"—Juvenile Publications—Webster's Spelling-Book—Other Books.

"COMING events cast their shadows before," said I mentally as, a few days since, I wandered down Broadway, and paused occasionally to look into the shop-windows. True, these shadows are rather bright ones; but as we read of a "bright cloud" that once overshadowed an illustrious company, so the bright forerunners of the "good times coming," may be not inappropriately styled their shadows. It is pleasant to enjoy the quiet contemplation of the beautiful and the good in the very presence of the strife of tongues and the clamors of contending factions, just as the well-housed traveler appreciates more highly his security while the storm howls around him and the rain patters against the windows. So while the multitudes are all engaged in political strifes and exultations or despondings, or are paying their earnest devotions at the shrine of the golden god, I prefer to trace the less obvious though equally-certain indications of better tastes and higher aspirations. The Presidential canvass is said to be unfriendly to the trade of literature, so that publishers are careful not to engage deeply in the production of new works; but on the other hand, pecuniary prosperity is friendly to trade, especially in articles of taste, and such as pertain to the pleasures of the mind as compared with those of physical necessity. We accordingly have no dearth of these just now.

The "coming events" whose "shadows" arrested my attention are the approaching holidays and their accompaniments, and their bright shadows consisted of the display of fancy goods provided for that season. There has been a remarkable change in the department of bijouterie, of which the terminal ten days of the year is the established carnival, within the term embraced by the memory of many others besides "the oldest inhabitant," which is only one of the many unmistakable proofs of the growth of wealth among us. The quantity of articles of luxury offered for sale has greatly increased, but a more remarkable and gratifying advancement has taken place in their style and quality, evincing a growth in taste commensurate with the means of gratifying it. Though much that offends against good taste is still seen where better things should appear, still the prevailing tendency is to a more chaste and unostentatious form of beauty than was formerly in vogue. Tinsel has given place to gold; imitations are scourged as execrable, and meretricious finery has been replaced by less showy but intrinsically more valuable things. A happy blending of the useful and the fine arts distinguishes the industry and tastes of the times, especially in architecture and landscape gardening, which seem just now to be the prevailing rage. One remarkable exception to this increased interest in matters of taste is seen in the personal attire of the sterner sex; for, if I am not very much in error, our business and professional men are less careful in that particular than they were only a few years ago. This I lay partly

to the use of "soft," or, more definitely, *slouched* hats, and of "sack-coats," grizzled and made to nobody's measure; and partly to the increase of wealth among business men, so that the fineness of the coat has ceased to measure the purse of the wearer, and special regard for one's personal appearance has come to imply the coxcomb rather than the earnest and, therefore, successful man of business.

The improvements which may be traced in all departments of our material civilization are especially manifest in the exterior vehicles of literature. The days of minion types in close-set lines, double columns, and narrow margins—dingy paper and blurred printing, have effectually passed away. Tinted paper is becoming the rule rather than the rare exception, and the quaint old English typography is becoming so generally used for titles and heads of chapters, that we meet them without surprise in one-half the books we open, while the reading matter is aptly likened to "a rivulet of text meandering through a meadow of margin." Modern taste has declared that the matter of a book is not at all depreciated by an elegant setting, and that taste and wisdom are not so far antagonistical that they may not dwell in the same volume. Nor is it impossible that in some cases ideas as well as persons are judged by their outward covering, and that in the estimation of some for whom they are prepared books in plain coverings would be as unacceptable as a beauty out of the fashion.

Business—that technically so called—and letters meet at a variety of points, and among others in the trade of the holidays. Books tastefully prepared hold a kind of prescriptive position among the appliances of the season, and as a race, like others claiming prescriptive rights, the holiday book dates far back into the past. And as with certain others the gay exteriors and sumptuous adornments of the present representatives of the family would sadly shame the more modest pretensions of their ancestors. Formerly gift-books were almost exclusively of the class known as *annuals*, though they were in fact only *ephemerals*. They were small, cheaply ornamented, and poorly made, while their contents corresponded with their exteriors. Designed only for the season, they had their brief day, and then were laid aside as old almanacs or last year's city directory. The period of the race of annuals terminated a dozen years ago; and though some have appeared within that time, yet were they born out of season, and of course they did not succeed. But their failure marked only the passage of the book for the holidays into a more permanent form, and to a more elevated style of both literary and artistic excellence; and now many of these volumes are valuable literary miscellanies, and truly sumptuous specimens of art.

The trade of literature in its general circumstances and conditions has also undergone corresponding and not less remarkable changes. From the narrow and dingy rooms in Fulton and Nassau streets, where once it held its court, the march up town, which began some half dozen years ago, has proceeded till the old locality is mostly given over to second-hand dealers; while the great publishing houses are now congregated on or near Broadway, in one of its best portions and nearly a mile from their former place. There now are the Appletons, twice removed since they first gained for themselves a name in the trade in their down-town establishment.

The Harpers persistently adhere to their original position on Franklin Square, though formerly on Cliff-street—now the rear of their establishment—certain that if they do not go after the public, the public must come to them. And there are the Carters, and Putnam, and Francis, and Randolph—and not far off are the Masons, and Scribner, and French, all occupying immense and tastefully-arranged bazars, and each presenting an array of bookish wares well adapted to throw a bibliomanie into paroxysms of delight.

And there in their spacious and well-appointed quarters, looking the St. Nicholas Hotel full in the face, is the house of *Derby & Jackson*, whose rapid growth and present magnificence entitle it to a special notice. Those who have had occasion to keep watch of the publishing interests of the country during the past decade of years or longer, may have traced the constituents of this house in other years, at Auburn, and Buffalo, and Cincinnati, till only a few years since the *present* firm was established in this city—first in Park Place, next in Nassau-street, and now in Broadway. During their brief career they have issued new works in such rapid succession that their catalogue is becoming one of the largest among the New York publishers. Probably no other house in the city has issued a less proportion of unsalable books, and several of their most successful issues have been of works which had been examined and rejected by some of the older houses. That, however, is perhaps neither strange nor especially indicative of shrewdness in these gentlemen, since the "readers" to whom publishers submit their manuscripts are often the most capricious of literary Procrustes, and what one of them condemns as worthless, another may extol as super-excellent, unless, indeed, as I suspect is the case, they do their own "reading." The history of literature shows that publishers and their oracles can tell in advance very little as to what will be the success of any untried candidate for the laurels of authorship, and when, as in this case, only salable books are issued, it is to be set down more to the credit of *good luck* than to superior skill and foresight. Mercantile tact and a liberal use of money are the chief conditions of success in this as in most other branches of business; and as these secure success, so success realized implies the employment of these elements, and, therefore, it may be presumed that those publishers have both of these in use. A peep into their new establishment a few days ago discovered an amount of sumptuousness and intrinsic value for which I was not prepared—and to fully appreciate which one needs a full purse.

Among their recent publications I was especially interested with two entirely new and truly-elegant quarto volumes designed for the holiday trade—though equally suitable for all seasons—combining, in the highest perfection, the various arts employed in the production of such wares. The first I will notice is entitled, "Women of the South, Distinguished in Literature," by "Mary Forest," probably a *nom de plume*, but not unlikely herself entitled to a *niche* in the same bright temple. The plan of the work is not unlike that of Griswold's "Female Poets," or Mrs. Hale's "Woman's Record," though from the comparatively-narrow limits of the field the process of gleaning has been more exhaustive. As often happens at such censuses of notabilities, one is surprised at so large an array of names—

thirty-five in all—of female literary celebrities, gathered from only one section of the country, and all of a comparatively-recent date. Of course the *incognito* editress writes to please, and has not failed to set forth her fair clients in advantageous lights, though she has not done so to a degree, and especially not in a style that should be deemed objectionable. The selections from their writings, designed to illustrate the literary qualities of the several writers, are judiciously made, though evidently with a steady reference to brilliancy of expression and marked effect. Seven of these fair *literatae*, done on steel, adorn the volume—probably real portraits, and decidedly well executed. Among these is that of Miss Augusta J. Evans, of Mobile—"Beulah"—to which many a reader will turn with mingled feelings of admiration and sympathy, for nearly every one concludes that "Beulah" is largely autobiographical. The biographic sketch of Miss Evans here given only partially confirms that conclusion, while it affords grounds for the hope that both personally and as an authoress still better things are in her future than any thing her past has revealed. Since our southern friends like to see themselves by themselves, I do not see that we outsiders have any right to object, especially while they allow us to enjoy with them the pleasure which such an exhibition affords; and I am certain that the best way for us to avenge ourselves will be to imitate the Roman youth with the Sabines by seizing the volume and its fair occupants.

The second work is even more pretentious than the former, and it amply justifies all its pretensions—"The Loves and Heroines of the Poets. By Richard Henry Stoddard"—himself "of that ilk." No less than a hundred and sixteen different poets have been drawn upon for matter, and yet all the pieces are such as to come under the general designation of "Loves and Heroines." The three great Italian poets, Petrarch, Dante, and Tasso, come first in order, with songs respectively to Laura, Beatrice, and Leonora, and then follow somewhat chronologically the vast concourse of English and American poets extending from Sir Thomas Wyatt to those of our own times. Among the pieces introduced are not a few of the choicest gems of English verse, while the "notes and illustrations" afford a valuable and pleasing literary melange to the curious in such matters. Twelve steel-plate portraits—imaginary, of course—of an equal number of these "Loves and Heroines" adorn this splendid volume. Petrarch's "Laura" stands as the frontispiece—a finely-executed picture, soft, light, and "spirituelle," as were the conceptions of the great Restorer of Literature. Burns's "Highland Mary" appears as the veritable "bonnie lassie," with her "cantie, honest face," and wrapped in her Highland plaid, that seems to have haunted the imagination of the half-maddened, half-inspired poet-plowman. As a work of art it is truly admirable. Byron's "Maid of Athens" is also given in light and shade, in which the artist has most happily reproduced and photographed the poet's subtle conception. The two pictures—that of the poet and that of the artist—beautifully harmonize and mutually help each other as realizations of their common ideal. Every part of the workmanship of these superb volumes is of the very best style—elaborate, rich, and yet chaste, suited to cherish and gratify a pure and refined taste, and yet

they are sold at prices which bring them within the range of the great mass of our well-to-do commonalty. Those two sumptuous works are only this year's addition to the stock of this house brought over from former years, among which are "The Portrait Gallery of Celebrated Women"—two volumes, quarto—"The Court of Napoleon," (I,) and "Women of Beauty and Heroism," all three by F. B. Goodrich, (Dick Tinto and son of Peter Parley;) also, "The Josephine Gallery," edited by Alice and Phoebe Cary, and La Fontaine's Fables, in one royal octavo, beautifully illustrated. All of these works may be cheerfully commended to those who are seeking for the means of cultivating and gratifying the love of the beautiful, as presenting the things sought for in a form the least objectionable. No other school of taste is at once so economical and so free from dangerous associations as that kept in the domestic drawing-room—wherefore, Pater-familias, put works of taste on the parlor table.

A gift-book that would not suffer in a comparison with almost any of its class is just now published by Charles Scribner—"Folk-Songs: a Book of Golden Poems, made for the Popular Heart," by Dr. J. W. Palmer—a name not unknown as among our able writers and critics. The book is a royal octavo, with over sixty original illustrations by some of our best American artists—"exquisite in design and execution." A specially-valuable feature of this volume is found in the fac-similes of the original autographs of fifteen of these world-renowned poems. Among these are Hood's "Song of the Shirt," Payne's "Home, Sweet Home," and others equally famous and valuable, by Tennyson, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Browning, and others both English and American. The poems, numbering more than two hundred, are all lyrics, many of them the universally-admired productions of canonized bards, and the very pieces by which they earned their bays—songs which have become the heritage of our common humanity, and which are sung or recited by multitudes with whom the tongue and ear supply the place of books and reading. The fascination of the genuine "effusions" is confessed by all—the cultivated and uncultivated alike—for in their domains all artificial distinctions disappear, and nature asserts her own supremacy. Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," Tennyson's "Miller's Daughter," Kingsley's "Sands o' Dee," Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus," and Whittier's "Maud Muller"—and these are only specimens of the contents of the whole volume—need no commendation to the public heart. The compilation of this choice volume has been a labor of love with its editor extending through several years. In mechanical execution and fineness of materials it stands in the very first grade of the book-maker's art; but its crowning excellence is its matter, and that less from any special elaborateness of composition than from its genuine and hearty naturalness.

A holiday-book of poetry of a somewhat different composition, prepared by Rev. William Rice, of Springfield, Massachusetts, has just been published by Carlton & Porter: "Moral and Religious Quotations from the Poets"—large octavo, finely printed on tinted paper, with several steel engravings, and bound in the best style. The book is just such a one as a Christian father may put before his children without misgivings, lest in gratifying their tastes he should inflict a greater

injury than that could compensate for. The selections, which embrace a very wide range of subjects and authors, are wisely and judiciously made.

A great change has come over the style and character of the books prepared for the use of children since the days of our grandmothers. The range of children's literature half a century ago—and childhood was then a longer term than Young America now allows—was more limited than at present; but the matter was wholesome, and that little was commonly most thoroughly learned. Webster's Spelling Book, when we were school-boys, filled a space now covered by a great variety of juvenile text-books, each treating of some high-sounding *'ology*. It is wonderful how much matter was extracted from that single little book, and how large a space it occupied in the life-history of many a rising prodigy. Each stage of his progress through it was definitely marked, and the initial words of "new lessons" became way-marks—milestones—in the memory, by which to reckon up the progress that had been made. The learner toiled painfully past the alphabet—not neglecting to give due attention to "and-per-se"—and the a-b-abs, till a firm footing was gained at b-a-bag, and then another weary stage brought him to ba-ker, the attainment of which was usually an occasion of deep interest. Thence to cru-ci-fix was smooth traveling, but with the increase of syllabication came also an increase of toil and weariness. As remembered from this point of time that whole region is a dream-land—the genuine ideal of which our new-fashioned pictorials are but very indifferent counterfeits. And then to turn over the yet unexplored pages to the region of "the pictures" was like an excursion into the interior of a strange continent. Yet in due time, and by dint of tasking and toiling, these pages, too, were explored, and all their hard words were mastered. Spelling was a great business in the country schools of those times, both "in the book" and "out of the book," and the best speller was recognized by common consent as *primus inter pares*. I wonder if they have spelling-matches in the schools nowadays. I doubt, though I do not believe that any of the exercises that have superseded them are more highly appreciated than were those. Our nation owes a great debt to Webster's Spelling-Book, for I question whether any other of man's composing has exerted so large an influence in the formation of the national character. A vast amount of practically-valuable learning was comprised in that little and unpretending manual, and not a few of our really-great men have been indebted to it for the elementary lessons upon which their subsequent greatness was built up. Is the good old book still used in any of the schools? I would like to spend some quiet winter evening in reexamining its pages, and conversing once more with its well-remembered columns of words, and occasional reading lessons, and names of places, and those two memorable chapters near the close—the one of synonyms that were not synonymous, and the other of "abbreviations," which seemed to me to possess a kind of mystical power like the strange words of the necromancers. But then I fear they would not seem to me in the book as they do now, mingled with the memories of departed joys. Ah, well! we are not so young as we once were, nor shall we be again.

Bat this is a digression; I began writing about the current juvenile literature, and was led aside by the recollection of my own childhood's "Mentor." I referred, also, not so much to books of elementary instruction as to those intended for voluntary reading. Of these, great numbers are made and sold, and, no doubt, their influence is far from inconsiderable in fashioning the character of the rising generation. That in many things these are better than the story-books of a hundred years ago is certain, though in some other particulars it may be doubted whether all the changes are improvements.

But if it is here objected to the obsolete stories of giants, and dragons, and fairies, and brownies, that they were not only pure fictions, but also absurd and monstrous, it may be replied that of the modern juvenile reading books a large share are most superlatively trashy—the veriest namby-pamby that ever found utterance by help of type and printer's ink. But was there ever any thing composed for children at all comparable to the "Mother-Goose" literature, which originated nobody knows when or how, but, like the common law, has existed from the time as to which "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary?" It is sometimes said that the highest praise of Shakspeare is that his aphorisms and wise sayings have become the material of the thinking of the Anglo-Saxon race, and in like manner the rhymes of "Mother Goose" have furnished amusement for innumerable generations of Anglo-Saxon juveniles, and even "children of larger growth" love to remember and rehearse these apparently-senseless but somehow wonderfully-pleasing doggerels, to think of the "two blind men who went to see two cripples run a race," or of the "three boys who went, sliding on a summer's day," or of that strange scene when "the cat got into the fiddle," and "the cow jumped over the moon!" Not one of a hundred has ever seen these in print, and yet not one in a thousand does not know by heart a large share of them. Somewhere they touch upon our humanity, and so the world will not let them die.

Whoever writes a really-good book for children is a public benefactor, and deserves well of the public. This I think has been done by our Sunday school editor—under his pseudonym of Francis Forrester—in the preparation of the "Glen Morris Stories," a series somewhat on the plan of Abbott's "Franconia Stories," of which three volumes—"Guy Carlton," "Dick Duncan," and "Jesse Carlton"—have been published by Howe & Ferry, of this city. That Dr. Wise has a happy faculty for writing for young persons is well known, and that he writes to profit as well as to please all must know who have read his "Path of Life," and "Pleasant Pathways," and "Young Man's" and "Young Woman's Counselors." The same design is evident in the Glen Morris Stories, though the lessons are given less directly, and narrative instead of explicit precepts is made the vehicle of instruction. Compared with almost any other set of story books for children—and their name is legion—these are entitled to a decided preference, both from their plain common-sense and the pure morality they inculcate. Buy them for your boys and girls and leave them in their reach—you need not ask for their reading, that will come of course—and your boys and girls will be the better for it.

Editor's Galley.

A PLACE AT YOUR FIRESIDE.—A New-Year's salutation to you all, dear readers. Make way for us at the fireside; give us a place in the family group. We would breathe among you the spirit of love and truth. We would contribute to the refinement and the joys of the home circle. We would kindle in the soul aspirations after knowledge and purity. These long winter evenings would we cheer; to the twilight of the coming summer would we lend new beauty. For these ends we crave your companionship for another year. Make us welcome. We hope more than ever to be worthy of your favor.

NEW CONTRIBUTORS.—In our list of writers for the current volume will be found several new and valuable contributors. At the same time our most valuable old contributors will still continue to write for us.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.—This engraving is from an original design by H. Lovie, Esq. It will make an appropriate companion for the Lord's Prayer issued by us a year ago. The scene of the delivery of the tables from the hand of God to Moses is grandly expressed. From the midst of the thick cloud and the "veiled darkness"—where the very hand of the Invisible is concealed—they are received with trembling awe. We leave the whole to be studied by our readers. They will find the key to the Scripture scene employed to illustrate each of the commandments in the passage referred to at the bottom of each picture.

EVENING TWILIGHT.—Gathered flowers, music, meditation, and twinkling stars are always associated with the evening twilight. This idea our artist has enabled us to transfer to our title-page in a manner equally pleasing and equally suggestive. It will rivet the eye and awaken the memories of many a reader.

OUR CHURCH PERIODICALS.—It will not be out of place for us to call the attention of our readers to our Church periodicals. The General conference has placed them under the direction of tried and able men. The best minds of the Church are employed to enrich them, and the noblest sympathies of our people are wedded to them. In mechanical execution they may challenge comparison with those of any other Church or any other organization whatever. In cheapness, none so low; and no other establishment than our great Book Concerns could possibly publish them at such low rates. Now is the time to subscribe. In addition, it is also due to remark that the Christian Advocate and Journal, the Western Christian Advocate, the North-Western Christian Advocate, and the Christian Apologist—German—are each to be enlarged, and printed hereafter in the quarto form—thus affording increased facilities in their editorial management.

EDUCATIONAL AGENCY.—We are in the frequent reception of letters from persons desiring situations as teachers, or from persons wishing to employ teachers. We can not do better than refer all such to the Educational Agency of Rev. G. G. Saxe, A. M., 45 Bible-House,

New York city. Mr. Saxe is a competent and reliable Christian gentleman.

CLUSTERING WOES.—How often in the sad experiences of life are we reminded that

"Woes cluster; rare are solitary woes;
They love a train; they tread each other's heel."

The following note from a brother minister has deeply touched our own heart. Some of our readers have been bereaved and afflicted. Are your hearts despondent? Look upon this picture and see if you are not constrained, in very sympathy of heart, to exclaim, "My brother, thy sorrows are greater than mine!"

I am in deep affliction. My dear wife is in the asylum for the insane, and our beautiful babe is motherless. This is a dark dispensation. To give three little cherubs to the keeping of mother earth, and to close the eyes of a beautiful and highly-accomplished adopted daughter, to say farewell to my almost idolized mother and follow her to the tomb, was as nothing to this. Grace, and grace alone, sustains me. Pardon this confidential paragraph. You do not seem like a stranger to me. May I hope for your prayers, that *this affliction* also may be sanctified to my good?

A FRAGMENT.—"Alma" drew the following picture evidently from real life. The bleeding heart of many a bereaved parent will recognize it as a part of its own sad experience:

A merry little child, full of life and health, was sporting in the garden. Methinks I see him now with the clear, blue eye, the flaxen ringlets and delicate brow. Beautiful was that fairy form as it bounded in infantile glee, and there was music in the soft, childish accents and joyous laugh which rang so merrily through the halls. It was a joy to have him near, for a spirit of innocence and purity seemed to pervade the air which he breathed, and we felt that bright-winged angels were hovering near to guard his infant footsteps. Eyes beaming with affection rested upon him; and strangers, as they watched him at his sports, were often heard to exclaim, "How beautiful!" The fond parents, forgetting that he was mortal, watched with wondering delight the rapid unfolding of the delicate bud of promise, and, gazing through the long vista of coming years, beheld, in imagination, their son refined, intellectual, and noble, treading the busy paths of life, an ornament to society and a benefactor of his race. . . . Tread softly, for Death is in that room. . . . Ah! Death was there, and on a snow-white couch lay the emaciated form of him who so lately was full of life and glee. Fairer than alabaster was the cold brow, the death-damp was resting among the clustering ringlets, and the eyes were closed in that dreamless slumber which knows no waking. Gentle zephyrs were stealing through the apartment, bearing on their dewy wings the perfume of fragrant flowers; the stars were looking down from their blue home above, and the moonbeams rested lovingly on the placid features of the dead. The sounds of merriment were hushed in the halls, and the silence was unbroken save by the sobs of the mourners, as they stood around the beautiful casket from which the gem had just been taken. But Faith, sweet comforter of the afflicted, pointed out to them an angel band, and in the midst a white-robed spirit just escaped from bonds of clay and rejoicing in its new-found liberty.

ROMANCE OF LIFE.—There is more of romance—more of the drama—in life than we are apt to imagine. In fact, romance, and that too of the most thrilling character, enters more or less into every life. It need-

only some weird hand to unravel the tangled skein and show the relation of the various threads in the true harmony of their connections. Then a life-drama is before you—wonderful in its strange romance; still more wonderful in its living reality.

Is it not all fiction? was asked of a sketch written for our columns. The author's reply was:

I could wish, from my heart, that there was less of truth and more of fiction in it.

WHERE IS LOON LAKE?—This question, it seems, is still unsettled. Every one knows where a loon lake is. But where is *the* Loon Lake? *the* Loon Lake, of which so beautiful a view was given in a late number of our magazine? A correspondent from Minnesota lends his aid to the solution of this difficult problem:

I would also answer the question, Where is Loon Lake? which I find answered by your correspondent in the September number of the Repository. The Loon Lake of your engraving is not in Wisconsin. I recognized it at a glance as an old friend of mine, and should have told you where it is before, but could hardly summon courage to write to an editor. Besides, I imagine you have an inkling of its whereabouts, as you only suppose a confession of ignorance; but perhaps you do not know its precise locality. This lake is in northern New York, in Franklin county, and it also derives its name from its inhabitants, the loons.

It is almost, but not entirely, surrounded by forest; for at its foot, on an eminence, overlooking a part of the lake, stands the Loon-Lake House, where, a few years since, I spent a summer very pleasantly. The further shore of the lake is grand and beautiful. It is covered with tall pines and spruces, whose branches interlace so as to almost exclude the light at midday: then it is carpeted with the softest yielding moss, while long mosses hang from the branches of the trees.

Many times have I crossed that lake "padding my own canoe," and have spent delicious hours in that grand old forest "alone, yet not alone," for the Creator was there in his handiwork.

That point represented in the engraving is true to nature. I recollect it well. The wind had been at work there among those old hemlocks. It is the only part of the lake where the lilies grow; I have gathered them there.

The region about the lake abounds in deer. I have watched them from the window of my room, when in the morning they would come down into the water and stand, looking precisely as they are represented in the picture. I am very far from the peaceful waters of Loon Lake now, but the recollection of its beauty is a pleasure.

SELF-CONQUEST.—An old patron, who, for fifteen years, has been a constant reader of the Repository, utters some thoughts to the editor, of which he inclines to give his readers the benefit:

Perhaps my sluggish nature would not now have clamored to be heard, had not my soul been stirred by perusing that most excellent article, by Rev. F. S. Cassady, on "Self-Conquest." Frequently, during a few of the years last past of my life, have I exclaimed, "Better is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city!" And yet how few, even of those wearing the badges of Christianity, persevere till they obtain a perfect conquest! Some foar or foes still remain unsubdued in the soul to weaken the moral character. When I behold those professing godliness arrayed in costly apparel and faring sumptuously every day, while the pastor is deficient of part of his salary, their place of worship burdened with debt, and the Macedonian cry from heathen lands, "come over and help us," all unheeded, I conclude that avarice, a part of their fallen nature, has not been subdued. Or when the fires of anger may be seen glowing upon the cheek or flashing from the eye, I conclude the conquest is scarcely commenced. Or when jealousy, like a canker-worm, is folded in every bud of happiness, causing it to wither ere it blooms, how like an

angel of mercy falls the words of inspiration upon that erring heart, "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city!"

ANOTHER POEM.—We edified our readers not long since with a glimpse of the beauties of a somewhat remarkable poem. We have another of rather distinguished parts. The theme is "spring"—a very fruitful theme with the poets, and one that has produced some rare melodies. But we have no recollection of any just like—or even equal in all respects—to that, part of which—for we have not room for the whole—follows. Spring has not yet quite come; but the poem has. If the spring lags behind, that is its own fault. We submit at least that that is no reason why the poem should wait:

Winter, with its cold icy hands,
Has passed, and forever gone;
Every thing now, looks cheerful and gay;
And, the birds, are singing their merry song.

The moon, in brightness, and serenity, doth appear,
Spreading its light, and fulgurance o'er the earth;
While, the happy yeoman, with his
Little ones, are clustering 'round, the family hearth.

The Globe, with its velocity moves 'round,
Like the Eagle, on her flight;
While the moon in its splendor, and
Magnificence, has gone clear out of sight.

O! who could not admire, the
Spring time of the year:
When, the birds in the
Forest, are melodious to hear.

How grand? how magnificent? does tho
Earth seem, of a bright spring morn:
When the Farmer is tilling
And, planting the corn.

But, when the spring has come to a close:
And the flowers are all gone to decay;
The little birds, will then, seek their
Homes, in some clime, far distant away.

Then, with emotions, and gratitude, we'll
Look to the spring, that has past;
And, like the bubble, on the ocean:
Perhaps, it may be our last.

N. B. At this point, our compositor broke down. He could n't go any farther. Our readers must wait till he recovers.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—The following prose articles are respectfully declined; namely, Life; The Forest Funeral; A Mother's Prayer; The Morning Breaks; The Three Graces; These Aspirations; Deaf and Dumb Asylum at Hartford; Self-Knowledge; Methodism Now and Then; First the Cross, then the Crown; Fashions; Thomas Moore; Broken Links; How to Become a Christian; The Wonders of Nature; The Philosophy of Saying "No;" and Death. Some of these articles might have found place in our pages but for the number of contributions "in waiting." In other cases the authors only lack the discipline of study and practice to make good writers. To this list of declined articles we must add the following, which were done up in verse. The foregoing remarks will also apply to these: Twilight Musings; Autumn; The Orphan Hope; A Night Scene; Live to Do Good; Nature; A Memento; Autumn Musings; Jesus; The Infant's Mission; God at Hand; Life; Life's Sorrows Known to God; Departed Beauty; I

Love Thee, O God; Autumn; Winter; To a Brother; The Fallen Oak; Little Annie's Death; The Old Carding Mill; Drive On; My Woodland Border; and Edith Le Bonne.

This is a rather long list. We hope many months will elapse before we are compelled to treat our contributors so roughly again. Indeed, we hardly know which most needs our commiseration, the "accepted" or the "declined." The protracted suspense of the former may prove more painful than the temporary mortification of the latter; for never before had we so much matter in waiting for our pages.

BEYOND.—The poem with this title on page 25 should have been credited to Miss Sarah B. Clark.

MISSIONARY APPROPRIATIONS.—At the annual meeting of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church the following appropriations were made for 1861:

FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.	
India.....	\$36,820
Germany.....	20,688
Scandinavia.....	10,395
Bulgaria.....	6,000
Siberia.....	22,015
South America.....	2,000
China.....	20,076
Arizona.....	2,000
Total for Foreign missions.....	\$119,994
German Domestic missions.....	50,850
Foreign populations other than German.....	12,600
Indian missions.....	5,150
American Domestic missions.....	88,135
Total amount for the missions.....	\$276,729
For contingent fund.....	10,000
For incidental expenses.....	10,000
Office expenses.....	8,671
Total	\$305,400

The appropriations for the year 1860 were \$283,556. In this increased appropriation of \$21,844 the Board show their undiminished confidence in the ability and purpose of the Church to sustain this great work. Increased collections must be the watch-word every-where.

OUR EXCELLENT WOMEN OF THE METHODIST CHURCH.—After our New York Letter had been made up the following addendum was received. For its intrinsic value, as well as from a desire to encourage a worthy enterprise, we give place to it here:

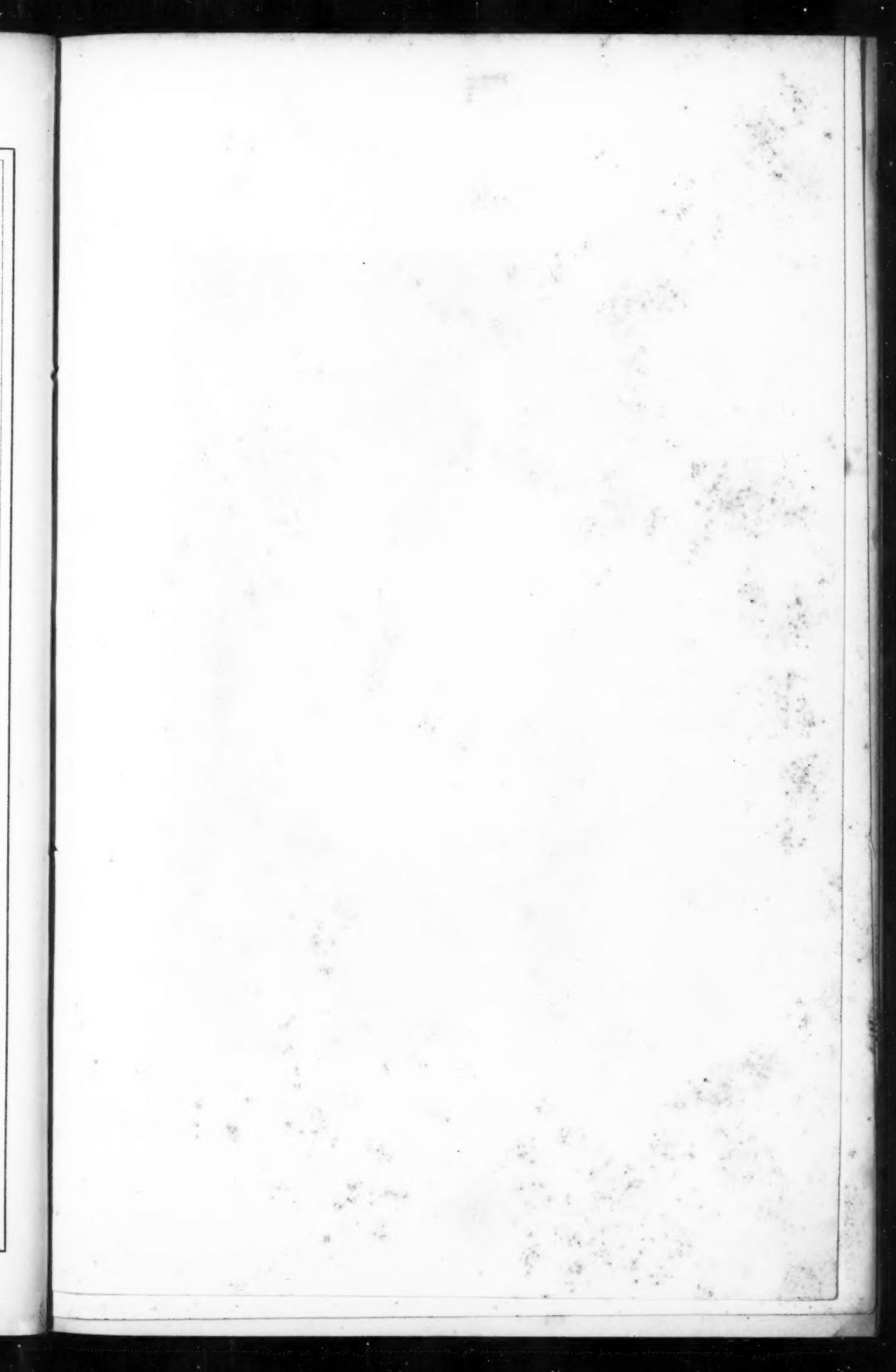
A few days ago I was shown some of the advanced sheets of a new work of the holiday class, which will be in the hands of its readers when this writing shall first appear in type—destined, I fancy, to attract some good degree of notice, and to find its place in many a Methodist household. Its title-page reads, "Our Excellent Women of the Methodist Church, in England and America." It bears the *imprimatur* of J. C. Buttre, 48 Franklin-street, but I am not informed what relation he holds to its production; but I happen to know that it was projected by our friend Tibbals, of 118 Nassau-street, who also had the oversight of its preparation, and is now the owner of the copy-right. It consists of biographical sketches and portraiture of character of a number of the "honorable women" of Methodism. Some of these are of the heroic age of Methodism in England, and some of our own times and country. Among the former are of course the Mother of the Westleys, Lady Huntington, Mrs. Fletcher, H. A. Rogers, and Mrs. Tatham; and among the latter are Mrs. Catherine Garrison, Mrs. Wilkins, late of the Liberia mission, and Mrs. Garrett, whose noble munificence entitles her name to the grateful remembrance of her people. The book is notable also for its authorship. A constellation of the bright stars of Methodist

literature unite to shed their rays upon its pages. Stevens, Whedon, Holdich, and a name I may not write, but which may be read on the title-page of the Repository, are among those of the sterner sex; while Mesdames Holdich, Olin, and Stevens represent—in a double sense—the sisterhood. Its material composition promises to be what the book-maker's art is capable of—tinted paper, fine steel engravings—fourteen in number—and all the varieties of rich and tasteful binding. Just such a book, reader, as you would choose, with which to surprise your wife, or lady friend in some other relations, at Christmas-tide.

THE WESTERN CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE.—Ours being a monthly and sustaining somewhat common relations to all the weekly journals of the Church, we have often felt restrained from saying what we should have been glad to say of them individually. But just at this time our neighbor is so jubilant over the enlargement and the various projected improvements of his journal, that we—being near him—have caught the infection and must say a word. The Western Christian Advocate, then, is to be enlarged, and henceforth printed in the quarto form—making a paper very nearly the size and form of "The Independent," published in New York city. This enlargement will secure many and important advantages in its editorial management—a greater variety of family reading; of scientific, agricultural, and horticultural information; and of general religious and secular intelligence. We congratulate our able confere on his good fortune in this enlargement, and his patrons also upon the additional value of the paper to them. Its price will be the same as heretofore—\$1.50.

A DAY IN NEW YORK.—Just before closing this number we were unexpectedly called to New York, and had the pleasure of looking in upon our brethren at the Book Concern. We found them at their respective posts—hard at work. Carlton & Porter are still enlarging the area of their operations, and the upward tendency of the business of the Concern is every-where manifest. Dr. Thomson, though in poor health, is nevertheless abundant in labors. Under his management, aided by his indefatigable assistant, Dr. Strickland, the old Advocate evidently begins to feel the pulsings of a new life. We are glad to learn that some 3,000 subscribers have been added to the list since the close of the General conference.

AN ART COLONY IN NEW YORK.—New York city is no less the grand center of art than of commerce in our country. We know not when we have spent a half day with more pleasure and profit than that spent at the Studio Building in Tenth-street near Sixth Avenue. This is the headquarters for art and artists. On the "bulletin," at its entrance, are the names of our most celebrated painters, and in their respective studios may be found some of the master-pieces of each. We have made notes for a further and fuller notice. We refer now to it simply to acknowledge the personal courtesies of these gentlemen, and also to congratulate our readers upon the fact that we have permission from several of these artists to have some of their best original paintings, representing for the most part striking views of American scenery, engraved on steel for the Repository. This will be a continuation of the series begun by Mr. Smillie for us four or five years ago. This arrangement, effected as one of the results of our visit to New York, we trust will be eminently acceptable to our patrons.





KOYNE RIVER, CANADA, ON GOOD HOPE.

GOOD HOPES.





J. H. Wardesdorff

W. G. JACKMAN

CHLORODONTHUS BORONIVITI.